

The Revolution.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

VOL. IV.—NO. 26.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 03, 1869.

WHOLE NO. 104.

The Revolution.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, \$3 A YEAR.
NEW YORK CITY SUBSCRIBERS, \$3.20.

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SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

OFFICE, 49 EAST TWENTY-THIRD ST., N. Y.

Poetry.

THE NEW YEAR.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lusts of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kinder hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

YOUTH AND AGE.

THE seas are quiet when the winds are o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes:
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Dec. 18, 1869.

DEAR REVOLUTION: From St. Paul to Dubuque, as the boats had ceased running, a circuitous route, and a night of discomfort were inevitable. Leaving the main road to Chicago at Clinton Junction, I had the pleasure of sitting at a small country inn until midnight for a freight train. This was dreary enough, but having Mrs. Child's sketches of Madames De Stael and Roland at hand, I read of Napoleon's persecutions of the one and Robespieres of the other, until by comparison my condition was tolerable, and the little meagrely furnished room, with its dull fire and dim lamp, seemed a Paradise compared with years of exile from one's native land or the prison cell and guillotine.

How small our ordinary petty trials seem in contrast with the mountains of sorrow that have been piled up on the great souls of the past! In commenting on woman's political influence, men love to refer to the Pompadours and Maintenons, wholly ignoring the grand lives and utterances of those noble women.

Absorbed in communion with them, twelve o'clock soon came, and with it the train.

A burly son of Adam escorted me to the passenger car filled with German emigrants, tin cups, babies, bags and bundles innumerable. The ventilators were all closed, the stoves hot, and the air was like the black hole of Calcutta. So after depositing my cloaks, bag, etc., in an empty seat, I quietly propped both doors open with a stick of wood, shut up the stoves and opened all the ventilators with the poker. But the celestial breezes so grateful to me had a most unhappy effect on the slumbering exiles. Paterfamilias swore outright, the companion of his earthly pilgrimage said we must be going north, and as the heavy veil of carbonic acid gas was lifted from infant faces, and the pure oxygen filled their lungs and roused them to new life, they set up one simultaneous shout of joy and gratitude, which their parents mistook for agony. Altogether there was a general stir. As I had quietly slipped into my seat and laid my head down to sleep, I remained unobserved the innocent cause of the general purification and veneration.

The doors and ventilators were soon closed, and the stoves compelled to do double duty; but knowing that the air could not reach the same point of impurity in some time, I fell asleep. We reached Freeport at three o'clock in the morning. As the depot for Dubuque was nearly half a mile on the other side of the town, I said to a solitary old man, who stood shivering there to receive us, "How can I go to the other station?" "Walk, madam." "But I do not know the way." "There is no one to go with you." "How is my trunk going?" said I. "I have a donkey and cart to take that." Then, said I, "you and the donkey and the trunk and I will all go together." So I stepped into the

cart and sat down on the trunk, and the old man laughed heartily as we jogged along through the mud of that solitary town, in the pale morning sterlight together. Just as the day was dawning, Dubuque, with its rough hills and bold scenery, loomed up. Soon under the hospitable roof of Myron Beach, Esq., one of the distinguished lawyers of the West, with a good breakfast and sound nap, my night's sorrows were forgotten.

I want my young friends Kate Field and Olive Logan to remember in this West of magnificent distances, that Lyceum lecturing has its pains and penalties as well as profits and pleasures. As to Anna Dickinson, she is a born hero, nothing daunts her. I was sorry to find that Mrs. Beach, though a native of New York, born on the very spot where the first Woman's Rights Convention was held in this country, was not sound on the question of Woman Suffrage. She seemed to have an idea that voting and house-keeping could not be compounded, but I suggested that if the nation could only enjoy a little of the admirable system with which she administered her domestic affairs, that Uncle Sam's interests would be better secured by the direct influence of a few such women. This is just what the nation needs to-day, and women must wake up to the consideration that they too have duties as well as rights in the State.

Had a splendid audience in the Opera House and gave "Our Young Girls," brought many white male sinners to repentance, and stirred up some lethargic *femme covertes* to a state of rebellion against the existing order of things.

From Dubuque to Dixon, a large pleasant town, where I met a number of pleasant people. I have lost the slip of paper on which I had their names and some facts about the town, and so I can only say that I enjoyed a pleasant day there in a large hotel on the hill, which was clean and well kept. All these things should be inscribed on the tablets of my memory, but the constant succession of new scenes and faces, has made my journey seem like one charming panorama, with a few shadows here and there, in which all geographical lines and individual existences are lost in the general combination.

I have one cause of complaint against the telegraph operator in Dixon, whose negligence to send a dispatch to Mt. Vernon, written and paid for, came near causing me a solitary night on the prairie, unsheltered, unhonored and unknown.

Hearing that the express train went out Sunday afternoon, I decided to go so as to have all day at Mt. Vernon before speaking, but on getting my trunk checked, the baggage man said the train does not stop there! Well, said I, check the trunk to the nearest point it does stop, resolving that I would persuade the conductor to stop one minute any way. Accordingly when the conductor came round I presented my case as persuasively and eloquently as possible, telling him that I had telegraphed friends to meet

me, etc., etc. He kindly consented to do so, and had my trunk rechecked.

On arriving, as there was no light, no sound, and the depot was half a mile from the town, the conductor urged me to go to Cedar Rapids and come back the next morning, as it was Sunday night and the depot might not be opened, and I might be compelled to stay there on the platform all night in the cold.

But as I had telegraphed, I told him I thought some one would be there, and I would take the risk. So off went the train, leaving me solitary and alone. I could see the lights in the distant town and the dark outlines of two great mills near by, which suggested dams and races. I heard too the deep barking of bull dogs, and I thought there might be wolves too, but no human sound. The platform was high and I could see no way down, and I should not have dared to go down if I had. So I walked all round the house, knocked at every door and window, called John! James! Patrick! but no response. Dressed in all their best they had no doubt gone to visit Sally, and I knew they would stay late. The night wind was cold. What could I do? The prospect of spending the night there filled me with dismay. At last I thought I would try my wind powers, so I halloed as loud as I could in every note of the gamut, until I was hoarse; at last I heard a distant sound, a loud hulloa, which I returned, and so we kept it up until the voice grew near, and when I heard a man's heavy footsteps close at hand, I was relieved. He proved to be the telegraph operator, Mr. Denny, who had been a brave soldier in the late war. He said no message had come from Dixon. He escorted me to the hotel, where some members of the Lyceum Committee came in and had a hearty laugh at my adventure, especially that in my distress I should have called on James and John and Patrick instead of Jane, Ann and Bridget. They seemed to argue that that was an admission on my part of man's superiority, but I suggested that as my sex had not yet been exalted to the dignity of presiding in depots and baggage rooms, there would have been no propriety in calling on Jane and Ann.

Mr. Vernon is distinguished for a very flourishing Methodist College, open to boys and girls alike. The President and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. King, are very liberal and progressive people. I had the pleasure of dining with them in their beautiful home near the college, and meeting some young ladies from Massachusetts, who were teachers in that institution. All who gathered round the social board on that occasion were of one mind on the woman question; even the venerable mother of the President seemed to light up with the discussion of the theme. I gave "Our Young Girls" in the Methodist Church, and took that opportunity to compliment them for taking the word "obey" out of their marriage ceremony. I heard the most encouraging reports of the experiment of educating the sexes together. It seems to be the rule in all the Methodist institutions in Iowa, and I find the young gentlemen themselves fully approve of the new dynasty. It is settled in the West that girls have sufficient endurance for Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Mathematics. I have seen several splendid girls who have gone through a five years' torture of angles and conjugations and still retain their rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and the usual share of common sense. Here, too, I met my Iowa son and his friend Professor Holbrook, and into their hands I at once put tickets, checks, trunks,

maps, telegrams and railroad connection⁶, thinking that in their plans there could be no blunders, but the first thing they betrayed me into a long stage ride, and three changes in one night, arriving at Des Moines at daybreak, in time for a short nap and miserable breakfast before starting for Mt. Pleasant. Iowa is a beautiful state, the scenery is so varied, now miles of prairie, then bold hills well wooded with rich valleys and broad rivers.

I must not forget to say that at Mt. Vernon I met Mr. Wright, former Secretary of State, who gave me several interesting facts in regard to the women of Iowa.

That State can boast one woman who is an able lawyer, as Mrs. Mansfield has been admitted and is now in a successful practice. That name has been highly honored at the bar. I trust she will keep up its reputation. A Mrs. Berry is Notary Public. She is said to be an excellent conveyancer, and great in examining titles. Here, too, girls take all the honors in the colleges, they are "Bachelors and Masters of Arts."

Two ladies in Iowa City have the same salaries as men for teaching.

Miss Addington is Superintendent of common schools in Mitchell County. She was nominated by a convention in opposition to a Mr. Brown. When the vote was taken, lo! there was a tie. Mr. Brown offered to yield it through courtesy, but she said no; so they drew cuts and Miss A. was the victor. Miss Berry is the Assistant Secretary of the Lodge of Good Templars. During one quite protracted session she kept, the minutes so perfectly that when they adjourned, everything was ready for the printer without a single correction.

Mrs. Stebbins is Notary Public. She has made an abstract of the titles of all the lands in the county where she lives. When she received her appointment, the Governor of the State requested the paper to be made out "L. A." instead of Laura. He said it was enough for Iowa to appoint women to such offices without having it known the world over. I am sorry to tell the Governor's secrets, but the glory of womanhood makes it necessary. Well done for Iowa!

E. C. S.

THE BIBLE AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY JOHN HOOKER.

The opponents of Woman Suffrage draw an argument against it from the Bible. Many of them regard the position of the Bible as clearly and directly antagonistic to it and as alone decisive of the question. Many of the friends of the cause are embarrassed by the claim.

I believe that it admits of demonstration, that the passages of Scripture relied upon by the opponents of Woman Suffrage, conceding all that they claim as to their meaning, and as to the permanency and universality of their application, have nothing to do with the question, and must be ruled out of the discussion for irrelevancy.

I make the attempt to show this not merely in the interest of Woman Suffrage, but of the Bible as well. The enemy of all good could not do a greater service to the cause of evil than by leading christian men blindly to interpose the Bible as a barrier against every great social reform, so that when the reform triumphs, it shall seem to the unreflecting mass of men to be, not merely the defeat of the opposers of the

reform, but the overthrow of the Bible also. This book is too precious, and a recognition of its authority too important to the world, for its friends and the friends of truth to expose it so unnecessarily to discredit. The Bible can be put to a better use, it cannot be put to a worse, than to be thrown into the street to help form a barricade against every attempt to overthrow old dynasties of wrong.

I have said that my argument would proceed upon a concession of all that is claimed on the other side, as to the interpretation, and permanency and universality of application, of the passages relied on. It will of course be understood that this is conceded merely for the purposes of the argument. This concession must cover all that is claimed by those who go farthest in their adverse interpretation and application of these passages.

The scriptural declarations relied upon, consist in the curse pronounced on woman at the time of the fall, "Thy husband shall rule over thee," and in several passages of the New Testament, in which Paul repeatedly, and Peter once, enjoins on wives obedience to their husbands, and in which the former, in addressing the Ephesians and Colossians, enjoins on women to keep silence in the churches, and if they would learn anything ask their husband's; and in addressing the Corinthians, enjoins on them not to pray or prophesy with the head uncovered; giving as the reason that it is a shame to a woman to have her head shorn and a shame to a man to wear long hair; that the man is the head of the woman, that the man was not created for the woman but the woman for the man, and that the woman was of the man and not the man of the woman.

The ordinary mode of disposing of these passages by those who would lift woman from the burden of them, is by saying—that the subjection, if imposed as a curse, would not seem to be an ordinance of nature, and that Christ came to remove the curse under which both men and women lay; that the injunctions of Paul as to keeping silence in the churches were evidently meant only for the particular churches addressed, inasmuch as he directs the women of one church to keep silence, and those of another not to pray or prophesy (preach) without having the head covered—two utterly inconsistent directions; that the rule that he lays down, that if a woman would learn anything she must ask her husband, is utterly repudiated by all Christian society, and women are freely admitted to institutions of learning; that the proposition that the man is the head of the woman as Christ is of the man and God of Christ, can have no political meaning whatever, if it really has any practical meaning, and especially that no superiority can be inferred by those who contend that Christ is the coequal of God; that in stating that man was made first and woman afterwards he is only stating the understood historical fact, his inference that woman was made for man having no force as an argument, because she might have been made, as claimed on her side, as his equal companion; and that Paul's statement that woman was of the man, and not man of the woman, shows that he was dealing only with the historical fact of her origin, the real fact in every case having been directly opposite; and that the declaration of God at the creation, and the recorded history of that creation, are far better authority than Paul's obscure reasoning about them—the Almighty having said, in the day of creation, "Let us make man in our image, and let them have dominion."

ion," to which the inspired historian adds: "So God created man in his own image, male and female created he them," and again, "Male and female created he them and blessed them and called their name Adam;"—all of which the advocates of woman's equality say, shows that the equality of the sexes was the design of nature, and that Paul, in laying down certain rules of propriety for the churches of his day, was merely enforcing his directions by referring to certain current notions of the Jews, availing himself of their hold on the popular mind, but not intending to endorse them as really sound in themselves, and especially not intending to give them a new sanction and a perpetual authority.

The question as thus stated is wholly one of interpretation and construction. But I propose in this argument to avoid all questions of interpretation, and take these passages as meaning precisely what the opponents of Woman Suffrage claim them to mean. It is, I think, a fair statement of that meaning in its utmost severity, that they declare, 1st, The subjection of the wife to the husband, and, 2d, The duty of all women in religious matters of a public nature, not to make themselves prominent in any noticeable way; or, to take Paul's own language, to keep silence in the churches. And I am to be understood as conceding not merely this meaning of the passages relied on, but their continued force as practical directions, and their application to human affairs in all countries and through all time.

Now the question comes up, "What has all this to do with Woman Suffrage?" Very clearly the fact that she may not preach, and may not pray unless covered, has nothing to do with it. But what has her subject condition, her servient condition as we may term it, to do with it? The same Paul, in the same Epistle in which he enjoins submission upon wives, says also to servants, "Servants be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling." And Peter, in the same chapter in which he enjoins obedience upon wives, says also, "Servants be subject to your masters with all fear, not only to the good and gentle but also to the froward." Can the subjection imposed upon the wife exceed that here imposed upon servants? And if the imposition of this subjection upon women was meant to be permanent and universal, that imposed upon servants in the same connection could not have been of temporary or limited application. And yet who ever thinks of claiming that a servant cannot vote? No proposition could be presented to the American people that would seem more absurd.

There is no better way to bring out distinctly the proposition that must be established by those who use the Bible against Woman Suffrage than that of presenting their argument in the form of a syllogism. This, it is true, is but a restatement of what I have already stated, but it brings the proposition into special distinctness, and such special distinctness of statement is necessary to those, and their name is legion, whose habits of thinking are careless and inaccurate.

I will take first and by itself, as most important, the argument from the subject condition of the wife. This argument in syllogistic form is as follows:

Major premise—Persons in a subject condition ought not to vote.

Minor premise—Married women are in a subject condition.

Conclusion—Therefore married women ought not to vote.

Here it is to be seen, 1st. That the major premise, the truth of which is necessary to the conclusion, is utterly unsound, inasmuch as servants are allowed to vote without objection; 2d. That the minor premise, the truth of which is necessary to the conclusion, is admitted only for the purposes of the argument, and is open to controversy when independently asserted; and 3d. That the conclusion is of little or no value, inasmuch as it leaves the case of unmarried women entirely untouched. As, therefore, a conclusion must in some manner be secured which will cover the case of all women, married and unmarried, we must enlarge our major premise, and as we do so we will add, to make the proposition complete, the preaching and praying disability. It will then stand thus:

Major premise—All that class of persons, of whom a part are in a subject condition, and all of whom are forbidden to preach, ought not to vote.

Minor premise—All women are of that class.

Conclusion—Therefore all women ought not to vote.

Here the conclusion is satisfactory, as it covers the whole ground. And this conclusion cannot possibly be arrived at except by employing the premises proposed, and the absolute truth of both these premises is essential to the conclusion.

Now the minor premise, let it be observed, is admitted only for the purpose of the argument, and would have to be established in dealing with any person not so admitting it. But the major premise is as absurd a proposition as can well be conceived. Just think for a moment of presenting it to the intelligence of this age of common schools and common sense, as a self-sustaining proposition, that "the entire class of whom a part are in a subject condition (including, of course, all servants), and who are forbidden to preach, ought, by reason of those facts alone, never to be allowed to vote." If any one will undertake to sustain this proposition before the people of this country, he must expect to encounter merely ridicule. And yet those who contend that the Bible is opposed to Woman Suffrage must sustain this proposition or abandon their ground.

But the opponent of Woman Suffrage may here say, and consistently, "I do not care to contend on Bible grounds against the mere act of voting, if the participation of woman in political affairs could stop there. There may be a justice and a propriety in allowing her, as a member of the body politic, and often a taxpayer, to vote for the men who shall rule the state and especially who shall lay and expend the taxes. But voting implies more. It implies eligibility to office, and political office often involves political ascendancy, and it is this aspiration after and possession of ascendancy, which the passages of Scripture relied on forbid."

Well, my candid opponent, I cheerfully take up the question precisely as you have presented it to me. But first let us see where we stand. Let us clear up the ground around us, so that we may see just how far we have advanced.

May I understand you then as conceding that, so far as any objection to mere voting is concerned, you no longer interpose the Bible against it? That is, that so far as any Biblical objection is concerned, you would take no exception to a law that should allow women to

vote but should forbid their holding office? You must either answer my argument or concede this. I understand you concede it.

And now a word as to what we are to understand by office-holding. There are a great many offices that involve no political ascendancy, and which could be held by women to the great benefit of the public service and with a reasonable profit to themselves. Shall I understand that you interpose no Scriptural objection to her holding these offices? If your objection to her office-holding generally is on the ground that she might thus be placed in a position of political ascendancy, which ascendancy alone is the thing forbidden, you of course would leave all other offices open to her. And it is to be observed that probably nineteen offices out of twenty involve no political ascendancy. Indeed the proportion must be much greater. May I understand then that a law would satisfy you that should give women the right to vote and to be eligible to all offices not involving political ascendancy? You must concede this if I have represented you fairly in putting your objection now wholly on the ground of the ascendancy involved in office-holding. And I have intended to represent you with all the fairness in my power; and besides, I know it to be the only ground that you can take.

But there is one point more to be settled in advance of the further argument. The subjection prescribed by Scripture is only of the wife to the husband. There is therefore no Scriptural objection to unmarried women holding offices that involve ascendancy. Shall I consider you as conceding this? I know that you cannot escape the concession in the position in which you stand.

The Biblical objection is therefore now limited to the holding by married women of offices involving political ascendancy. The objection as thus narrowed and made precise, I proceed to answer.

For convenience sake I will drop the matter of woman's disability as to preaching and praying, as it has little application to the subject, and an answer to the objection founded on her subject condition will cover the whole ground. The point now made by our objector rests of course on this scriptural subject condition of married women. Now for the purpose of this argument I will assume that subject condition to be as extreme as any one has ever claimed; as extreme, I will say, as the English common law of two hundred years ago made it. Under that law and under the claims of some interpreters of the Bible, the man is the absolute legislator and ruler of his wife and household. He may not compel her to commit a crime, but he may compel her to serve his convenience or pleasure. If he wishes to sell his home and remove to another, and she is opposed to it, the house is to be sold. If she wishes her son sent to college and he to the shop, the boy must go to the shop. If she wishes for flowers in the garden and he wishes for none, there must be none—always provided she cannot persuade him to comply with her wishes. No matter how unreasonable and unkind he may be in asserting his will, his will when asserted, is law. Now all this power on the one hand and subjection on the other I admit, for the purposes of this argument, to be the ordinance of God. And I put the case thus strongly, not for the purpose of making the impression that all whom I am combating would go so far in theory, or that any of my opponents would approve any-

thing that should approach to tyranny in practice, but that the case that I am to meet and overthrow may be the strongest that can possibly be put. For the more complete the Scriptural subjection of wives to the power of their husbands, the more that subject condition would seem to stand in the way of their holding offices that involve political ascendancy, and which may give them ascendancy over their husbands.

Now does it not occur to you, my candid opponent, that you have narrowed down the question till what is left on your side is hardly worth contending about? Married women will generally choose to stay at home. They have cares there that both require their constant attention and that hold their affections. And besides, if eligible to office, a woman could not get it without a majority of the votes of the district, and the voters would not be likely to vote for a woman who could not leave her home. And further, if she happens to have abundant leisure and the requisite ability, her husband very likely would assent to her taking office, and as the restriction upon her is simply for his benefit he can at any time waive it. The cases therefore of married women who aspire to office against the assent of their husbands, and who get the office, will be too few to be talked about; especially too few to make any reasons for excluding all women, not only from all offices of ascendancy, but from all offices whatever, and from the right of voting, too.

But I will meet this biblical objection in every form in which it can be put. We will suppose that the subject condition, limited upon any interpretation of Scripture to married women only, extends to all women, and that all the offices of the State and nation are offices of political ascendancy. The rule to which the woman is subject must be still the rule of a husband; but we will consider all women as destined to be married, and so as potentially under subjection. For the purpose of this argument I concede all this.

Now what is this dominion of the husband to which the wife is subject? It is too clear for argument that it is dominion *only as to family matters*. It is, we will call it, an absolute power, but *only within its jurisdiction*. It is the same exactly, in this respect, as the power of the father over the child, or of the master over the servant. The will of the father and of the master is law, *within their jurisdiction*. I may tell my servant to drive me east when he wants to go west, and my will is law. I may tell my servant to mow to-day and hoe to-morrow, and my will is law. But I may not command him to name his boy John when he wants to name him Peter. I may not command him to go to a Protestant church when he wants to go to a Catholic. Why? Because these last matters lie wholly out of my jurisdiction. I may tell my minor son to go to the post-office when he wants to go to play, and to spend his evenings at home when he wants to be in the street. But if, as is sometimes wisely done, the discipline of the school he attends is left to the scholars, and he happens to be on a jury to try some alleged offender, I may not command him to find the boy guilty, nor to find him not guilty. Why? Because that is his own matter and wholly beyond my jurisdiction. My wife may desire to be a Superintendent of a Sabbath school. Upon the theory of subjection, which I have conceded I may have the right to say that she shall not do it; that I want her at home on Sundays to read or sing to me. But

if I assent to her taking the place, I have no power to control her as to the lessons she appoints, or as to her discipline of the school. Why? Because it is wholly outside of any subjection that she is under to me. I may be a professor of Greek in a college, and my wife, with my consent, a professor of chemistry. I should have no right to direct her as to her mode of instruction. Why? Because it is wholly outside of my jurisdiction. My wife may own property in her own right, over which and the income of which, I have no control. Fathers often leave property to their married daughters in that way. I should have no right to command her to make over the income to me; none to command her to sell the property and give me the proceeds. Indeed, laying all benefit to myself out of the case, I should have no right, simply because I thought it best for her, to require her to sell her property and invest it in some other manner. My wife may be an executor or trustee, but I would have no right to control her action as such. She may lawfully be elected a member of a school district committee. This thing is beginning to be done, and will be more extensively done, to the great benefit of our schools. I cannot control her action as a member of that committee. I cannot command her to employ this teacher or reject that. Why is all this? Because in all these cases the matter lies wholly outside of the limits of her subjection to me as my wife.

So a woman, in her political relations, is wholly outside of the limits of her subject state. When admitted to these relations she will stand in them as an individual, responsible to God for her vote and for her political action in every respect, but in no manner responsible to her husband or subject to him. This is no repudiation of the doctrine of subjection. There was always a field of individual right that lay beyond the husband's jurisdiction, and the existence of such individual rights must either be perfectly consistent with the ruling power of the husband within his jurisdiction, or else that ruling power cannot be held to exist.

Do you still adhere, my candid opponent, to your Scriptural objection? Then I have one practical question to ask you. Does the Bible, in your opinion, condemn the reign of Queen Victoria? If you say it does not, you yield the whole argument; if you say it does, you run against the entire Christian sentiment of the world. Notice, that the question is not one of monarchy (that you may condemn), but of a Queen as against a King. Would the Bible approve the one and disapprove the other? Notice also, that it is the clearest possible case of political ascendancy, and that Victoria is not merely a woman, but has been till recently a wife.

It will not do to say, as Rev. Dr. Bushnell does (in another connection, however, and pertinent to the matter he has in hand), that the women who have reigned have been merely nominal rulers, while men have really administered the government. History, I feel sure, establishes the fact incontrovertibly against him. But if the fact be as he claims, it has no pertinence here, for it is the mere holding of an office of power, not the vigorous administration of the office, that constitutes the offence against the Bible.

But you may say, after all, that the political equality of women with men, though not expressly forbidden by Scripture, is yet directly against the spirit of its teachings, and that Paul, if called upon to speak directly upon it, would

have expressed his disapprobation of it. If you make this point, you are in good company, for it has been made by so able a man as Rev. Dr. Bushnell in his book against Woman Suffrage. He says (page 81): "The assertion of their political equality with men would have shocked any Apostle." Now suppose one of Paul's churches had proclaimed the political equality of all men—of the humblest with the most exalted, of the subject with the king, would he not have been astonished? Suppose a convention of men had adopted our declaration of independence, and declared that all men had equal natural rights, would not Paul have been astonished? Suppose the next day another convention had declared that women, too, had the same rights, how much would his astonishment have been increased? Would it at all? Well, this additional astonishment of the second day above that of the first, would be the precise measurement of his astonishment that has any pertinency to the matter in hand. But when we have obtained the exact measurement of Paul's astonishment, what is it worth? If he could have had a vision of the nineteenth century he would have found a thousand things to astonish him; not material things merely, which are of no consequence to this point, but current and established moral ideas, and moral ideas which are the legitimate fruit of his own teachings. He would have been astonished, shocked, if you please, to see woman putting herself forward into such a place of power in literature. He would have been astonished at her position as a power in society, at the recognition she has obtained for herself in science and art. Paul was not inspired to advise this century in practical matters. He was inspired to advise his own age as to such matters, and to lay down great principles of universal application. But he himself had no conception of all the workings of those principles in their application in later ages to human affairs. The wisdom of the average man of to-day as to what is practically best to-day, is better than the inspired wisdom of Paul brought down bodily from his age and applied literally as so much practical advice for to-day. Paul, if he was living to-day, would, I have no doubt whatever, be among the foremost in advocating Woman Suffrage. The great principles of liberty and individual responsibility which Christ laid down, could lead to no other result.

Still, it is not so certain that Paul would have been shocked at this claim of equality for women. How does Dr. Bushnell know that he would? He had heard of the Queen of Sheba, and there is no reason to think he was shocked at every mention of her name. And the magnificent Cleopatra had then just finished her reign, and he had heard of other women on thrones. He was very free to speak his mind, and wrote many epistles. If the tenure of political power by these women shocked him, it is a little strange that he has not somewhere put his emotions on record.

It may be said that, conceding the propriety in itself of a woman's holding office, yet upon the theory of subjection which I admit, the husband would have the right to forbid her taking the office, or to require her to resign it, and that thus a great practical difficulty would arise, the liability to which is enough to show the inexpediency and perhaps absurdity of opening the political field to women; and I may be asked if I concede the right of the husband thus to interpose his will in the matter? I reply, that upon the theory of subjection which for the

purposes of the argument I have admitted, I feel bound to admit that the husband would have a right to forbid his wife's accepting office. Where, however, she has accepted office with his consent, he would clearly have no right to require her to resign it. Every analogy of the law is against such a right. A consent thus given and acted upon can never be recalled, especially where, as here, the rights of the public and of third parties are concerned. A husband may refuse to allow his wife to be a dress-maker, but if he assents to it, and she contracts as such to make certain dresses for a lady by a given time, he cannot stop her short in her work, and by the interposition of his mere will make her abandon it. Society would never tolerate such a law. The right which I here concede of the husband to forbid her to assume office, ought to satisfy every one who objects to her holding office on the ground of Scriptural subjection, since the husband, to whom alone her subjection relates, has a right to waive his privilege, and thus there would be in fact no office-holding by women that would in fact conflict with the claims of their subject condition.

But as the difficulty here suggested, even to those who do not hold the subjection theory, may seem a serious one, I depart for a moment from the concession of my argument to state what I believe to be the only sound rule on the subject. I regard husband and wife as perfectly equal in their relation to one another, and they ought to be made perfectly equal by the law. Under this law of perfect equality all their interests are more completely one than where the existence of the wife is substantially merged in that of the husband. In the application of this rule I should hold the agreement of both essential to the undertaking by either of any important matter seriously affecting the family welfare. Thus the wife ought not to take office unless upon a full consideration of the matter together they both think it best. And the husband ought not to accept an office which may seriously interfere with the family support, or perhaps take him a long time from home, unless upon full consideration by them both they shall both be satisfied that it is best. I would carry this rule so far as to make it the duty of the husband to consult his wife as to any important business investment, the failure of which may seriously affect the family welfare. Her happiness in the marriage relation is just as important a thing to be secured as his, and she will consider as faithfully and as wisely as he every matter bearing upon the family welfare. He has no more right to wreck the family welfare by his folly, than she to wreck it by hers. A consultation upon all important matters will result in the wisest thing being done. The caution of the one will always be a check on the rashness of the other, and a discussion by two minds is always valuable. Where, upon the agreement of both, a course is taken which proves disastrous, there will be no room for mutual reproach, and the calamity will be borne bravely and cheerfully. There will be many cases where this rule cannot be applied literally. Each must often decide upon a course of conduct in the absence of the other, but a knowledge of each other's general ideas will help each to judge more wisely, while the duty to consider the wishes of each other will make each more cautious. There will of course, too, be exceptions to the rule, as where a drunken husband leaves his family to suffer; there she will have a clear right to resort to any honest

employment that will enable her to feed herself and her children. I do not propose that all this be enacted by human law. It cannot be. But it will become a potent law when established as the Christian rule of the family.

The family relation is the last one that will suffer from the establishment of Woman Suffrage. It will only be heightened and its happiness enriched by it.

It is foreign to my argument to attempt to meet any objection to Woman Suffrage except that founded upon the Bible; but I cannot forbear, even at some expense of unity in my argument, to notice a kindred objection to the tenure of offices of authority by women, made by Rev. Dr. Bushnell. In his book on Woman Suffrage he draws a strong contrast between men and women in respect to the force-power which characterizes the one sex, and is strikingly wanting in the other, and from it infers that women were made to be subordinate and men to rule. Now when two classes of people or races are thus brought into contrast, the one as superior in every attribute of power, the other as inferior in these respects, the object (and the comparison has no real pertinence except as it bears on that object) is generally to show that the superior class or race is made to rule the other. Thus it was a favorite argument with those who defended slavery, that the white race had very positive qualities of superiority, and the black race very positive qualities of inferiority, the inference being that the white race was born to rule the black, and the black to serve the white; the power of the one finding its object in the weakness of the other. Now Dr. Bushnell does not intend that the inference be drawn from the case as he puts it, that men are to rule over women. But it is only as aimed at such a result that his facts have any real pertinency. Taking the result which he seeks, namely, that men as a sex, and as distinguished from women as a sex, have the natural power of domination, and we find it to be a domination not over women, but over men as well. Indeed nine-tenths of all the governmental force ever used in the world has been to keep down men and not women. The case then is, that the sex which he says contains this element of domination, contains also in vastly larger measure the element of subjection, for where there is one man who is a natural ruler of men, there are ten thousand who seem made only to be subject. The division then should not be by a perpendicular line dividing the sexes, but by a horizontal line separating the few whom God has made for great natural leaders from the immense mass below them whom he has made only to be led. The matter therefore is not one of sex, but one of individuals. And if it be a matter of individuals wholly, then we may reasonably expect that nature will provide occasional master-spirits among women as it has done among men. But we are not left to speculation alone on the subject. History furnishes examples of magnificent administrative power among women. It is no answer to say that there have been very few natural governors among women as compared with men. There are very obvious reasons why such instances should be rare. Aside from the fact that in the rude ages of the world power naturally fell into the hands of those who had the most physical strength and courage, there is this further fact, which is entitled to great consideration. In all ages the field of political ambition and power has been open to men, and has been their natural field, and those men who have exhibited the greatest power of leadership

are those who rose from humble ranks under the inspiration of this ambition and opportunity. Women, on the other hand, shut out from all such opportunity, have occupied only such thrones as have come to them by inheritance, or by some pre-existing law, and it is only as power has chanced to fall in this way into the hands of those who proved themselves natural rulers, that history has furnished any examples of true sovereignty among women. They are, therefore, to be compared only with the kings who have obtained their thrones by inheritance, and not by their own strength; while it is to be considered that the laws of many countries wholly exclude women from the succession, and thus place their sex at great disadvantage even in this already disadvantageous comparison. It is to be considered too that women have long been denied the education that has been given to men, while they have not been able, like men, by converse with large subjects, to find a practical substitute for it.

Whatever might be said with regard to the unfitness of women for authority in past ages, cannot reasonably be said now. The world has heretofore been governed by force. Although force cannot now be dispensed with, yet it is no essential personal quality of a king or other ruler. Government is now far more by reason, and where reason does not suffice and the use of physical force is necessary, the physical force is embodied in an army or in a police, which the ruler never heads in person, but puts into motion by his mere command; and that command can be issued by a queen as well as by a king.

It will of course be seen that in setting aside the Bible objection to Woman Suffrage the writer leaves every other objection untouched. The questions still remain, whether women have the same moral right to enfranchisement that men in the same relative position have, and whether it is for the benefit of society that they should be enfranchised. These are great questions, which the writer will be glad to discuss at some other time. He has aimed in this article merely to show that these questions are to be discussed purely on their merits, and with no embarrassment from any supposed scriptural intimations on the subject.

So far from scriptural authority being against the enfranchisement of women, the whole tenor of Christ's teachings, which we must all accept as the highest authority, and which to the writer are the teachings of a Divine Master, present a great law of liberty and personal responsibility, which can find its full application only in the perfect equality of man and woman in the home and in the state. When it receives this application society will have taken the greatest step ever taken since Christ came, toward a perfect Christian civilization, and the reign of Christ, which his followers have worked for and waited for so long, will be nearer at hand. It is the perfect conviction that this movement is one of true progress towards that promised and blessed reign, that gives the writer his deepest interest in it, and makes him certain of its success.

Hartford, Conn., Nov. 24, 1869.

APPRECIATION.—An artist in Indianapolis, Ind., has in his studio a very fine Madonna, which he takes pride in showing to his visitors. Imagine his feelings, says an exchange, when, the other day, a lady who had examined the various pictures upon the walls, pointing to the Madonna, said: "But the one I like best is that tired nurse girl. Don't she look natural!"

WHAT THE PEOPLE TELL US.

THE two notes that follow below are specimens of what come almost daily, and often too from persons whom we know from long acquaintance to be what they themselves describe. Can our friends in more favored conditions do a nobler holiday deed than to wish practically some of them "A Happy New Year" by sending us the means to forward them THE REVOLUTION they seem so much to prize? Here are two notes from the remote west:

It pains me to have to write you to stop sending me THE REVOLUTION, for I like it very much, and shall miss it more than you can imagine. But I have not the means to pay for it at present, nor any way of getting it, for I have both hands tied. I cannot procure any subscribers, for my neighbors are as bad off as I am, and some even worse. I should have written before, but was waiting to see if something would not turn up so I could get three dollars to send you. I have received one number over my subscription for which I will enclose ten cents. Yours for Progress. **

DEAR EDITOR—whether Mrs. Stanton or Mr. Pillsbury: I wonder if you will print this thing I send! I wish I had money, like Gerrit Smith, to pay you for doing so. THE REVOLUTION is growing very precious. Do keep it free and radical. Don't even think of being "respectable." I am more and more thankful that you ever started the paper. I haven't paid for my copy, and it looks now as though I never can pay for a newspaper in cash again. Don't tell anybody but Miss Anthony. I am afraid she ought to stop my paper. Certainly I had rather go without it than to have it fail. But count me in as ready to help in any way that I possibly can all the good works you have in hand. Cordially yours, **

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER XL.

MANCHESTER, December, 1869.

THE subject that I have to bring before your notice this week is so difficult to speak upon that I should willingly refrain from all allusion to it. It is a matter which it would be impossible to discuss unreservedly, and it requires a strong effort to treat it with that calmness which a judicial inquiry demands. But the subject is of such painful and momentous interest to women, and its influence on family and social life is so great, that it cannot be ignored, and I feel it to be a duty to place it before you as definitely as I can.

The present aspect of the social evil of which I have to speak, though affecting specially only the most miserable class, is fraught with consequences, fearful to contemplate, that apply to all women, and the question must be dealt with plainly. We, in our happy homes, must take the case of the most unhappy and homeless of our kind into serious and solemn consideration, and use our utmost efforts to work wisely and surely against this "abomination of desolation," this "pestilence" that, with unseen footsteps, "walketh at noon-day."

The present phase of the question affords an instance, in all its bearings, of one of the worst, if not the very worst, result of the subject position of women in industrial, social, and political life, and furnishes a most powerful argument for their complete enfranchisement and for the perfect equality of their rights, responsibilities and virtues, on a basis of fitness and justice, with those of men.

Although the circumstances that have led to the present uprising of the moral sense against this awful wrong apply immediately to this country, with reference to recent legislation, there is no doubt that on the continent and in your country also the wrong and wretchedness to

which they refer are not less cruel and desolating in their effects.

In the Health Section of the Social Science Congress at Bristol this question was taken up: "Should the Contagious Diseases Act be extended to the civil population?" Mr. Berkeley Hill and Mr. W. P. Swaine, surgeons, read papers in favor of the extension of the act. Dr. Worth of Nottingham, Dr. C. B. Taylor, and others, opposed the extension of the act. The act of Parliament in question provides for a systematic sanitary superintendence of prostitutes in our naval and military stations, and virtually licenses vice of the worst kind. Much earnest discussion took place after the papers were read, and a very strong feeling in opposition to the extension of the act was expressed. Speeches in approval of the measure were made by medical specialists, and in several cases by ministers of the gospel. Finally, amid much excitement, a resolution was passed condemning legislation on the subject.

Ladies had been requested not to attend in the health department that morning, and, in order to allow of a full and free discussion, which their presence would have prevented, they acquiesced. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, who took her place in the section as a physician, was the only lady present. But the women of the Congress were well aware of the importance of the subject under discussion, and how closely it touches the interests not only of the unhappy objects of the act of Parliament, but of every woman in the kingdom.

A Society of medical men and others for procuring an extension of the act to the civil population has been in existence for some time. Since the Social Science meeting a second society—consisting of both men and women—has been formed to oppose the extension of the act and the attempt made through it to outrage and debase women for what has been defined as "the object of giving an artificial security to promiscuous fornication;" or rather to attempt this, for competent judges declare that, from the nature of things, the means employed are wholly futile and inefficient.

I send you some pamphlets circulated by the New Society.

(I.) REPORT ON THE CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ACT—SHOWING THE EXPENSE, IMPOLICY, AND GENERAL UTILITY OF ITS PROPOSED EXTENSION TO THE CIVIL POPULATION. By John Simon, *Fellow of the Royal Society, Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital, Lecturer on Pathology, and Medical Officer of the Privy Council.*

Of this Report I can only say that it fully bears out the promise of its title. The observations that accompany the Report show clearly the cruel, immoral and despotic nature of the law as it now stands, together with its utter inability, so far as the repression of disease is concerned.

(II.) For a full and powerful statement of the whole case I refer you to the pamphlet by Prof. Newman, which I forward to you, recommending to your consideration and use in such ways as you deem wisest and best. The title is: THE CURE OF THE GREAT SOCIAL EVIL, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO RECENT LAWS DELIBERATELY CALLED CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ACTS. By FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, *Emeritus Professor of University College, London.* London: Trubner & Co.

For obvious reasons I cannot give you a complete summary of the contents of this noble and Excellent Essay. Here is the first paragraph:

"Under the name of the Great Social Evil our newspapers have, for years, alluded to an awful vice, too evidently of wide prevalence. Private effort is powerless to prevent: it can but too late rescue a few frail victims. Charitable persons, though well aware how much better it is to tear up roots of evil than to lop twigs, yet have no other form of action, but to slave at a task which is comparable to mopping out the ocean."

Then follows the history of the insidious introduction of the act of Parliament in 1866, legislating for the naval and military stations, and the not less insidious attempt of last session for the extension of this act. "There is great danger," says Professor Newman, "lest by such stealthy extensions the advocates of the measure gradually get into its grasp the women of the whole country. The evidence printed in the blue book clearly shows, that the police can totally dispense with the magistrate, and do actually terrify chaste women into signing their names (and submitting to the law). The public, on seeing the title of the act, could not guess its nature (it was supposed to refer to the Cattle Murrain.) Now that the secret has been revealed (though very few prints seem willing to aid in informing the nation of the facts), amazement and indignation are stirring many bosoms. Ladies, young and old, are filled with horror at the outrages offered to their sex, and lay aside reticence. I have not heard the name of a woman who is not intense in aversion. A Society has arisen to oppose the intended bill. Disgusting and ghastly as is the subject, noble-hearted ladies are coming to the conviction, that the inevitable debate of it over the breadth of the land is a painful but salutary medicine. If, through the conspiracy of the press to suppress information, the party of resistance be crippled; if, in consequence, the bill become law, it is safe to predict that it will be to the classes now ruling a most funereal victory. All that part of the nation which has faith in family sanctities, in constitutional law and in sacred personal rights, as paramount over all materialistic arguments—will be thrown, as never yet in England, into the scale of democracy. It will be said truly: 'No plebeian Parliament would ever have passed so disgraceful a law.'"

To this introduction succeed the details of the measure, which I cannot give you. They are not suitable for the open page of a newspaper, but every woman of mature age should know them, and I leave it to your own judgment to decide how you can best disseminate the knowledge.

The first part of Professor Newman's pamphlet is published separately, and will be most valuable in furnishing a lucid and luminous statement of the subject.

THE MORAL TREATMENT.

This is the title of the second part. It opens thus:

"But a challenge has been thrown out to those who reject this bill, not to be mere obstructions, but to suggest some cure for the frightful evil. To that task I now address myself,

(1.) "The first head of Cure is obviously to punish those whose guilt is foremost and most fruitful: these are the Seducer and his Accomplices. Hitherto there is no pretence in England of punishing the seducer as such. Men, who alone make the laws, make them with little account of women. One might fancy that legis-

lators either fear to be legislating against their own sons, or are conscious of personal guilt; else why, for 600 years, have they been so very lax? As to the seduction of *their own* daughters, they have no fear; though they would shoot through the heart the man who perpetrated such a thing. But if it be only a poor girl—how much does either House of Parliament care?"

After comparing our treatment of an heiress, who is a ward in Chancery during her minority, and that of the minor whose whole wealth is her good character, and showing how carefully we defend the former, while we allow the latter to be ruined with impunity, the writer points out the axiom that *public law is the great teacher of morals* and suggests suitable punishments for offenders who ruin young girls, and for the wealthy supporters of houses of ill-fame. He regards such offences as felony and fittingly punishable with prison and hard labor, and concludes thus:

"Whether any but a plebeian Parliament, or a Parliament in which *women* hold numerous seats, will ever enact penalties of adequate severity, many will doubt. But now that these horrible movements towards contented national impurity force chaste and modest persons (and not least those women who are our chief pride) to look at the enormous evil with steady eyes; I cannot yet believe that the existing Parliament will fail to admit sound principle, however timidly and weakly they may apply it."

(2.) "The second great measure—needful for many other reasons, but equally needful against the great social evil—is, the suppressing of drink-shops—of tippie-houses, as our old law calls them. I have already observed that they are dens of seduction. A woman is first poisoned, then ruined; while the potion bedims her understanding and impairs her self-control. Chaste feeling is benumbed before the victim herself is at all aware. . . . The drink-shops are fatal, chiefly by debauching *young people under age*. Careful parents cannot save boys above fifteen from their influence."

(3.) "But further: several of our public institutions need to be fundamentally reorganized, primarily our churches. Both sexes in common need frank instruction in detail, concerning matters to them of primary importance; which instruction they never get. These institutions pretend to teach morals; but they do not. They are chiefly concerned with lofty doctrines, which, whatever their value to elder hearers, shoot over young people's heads. The churches, by their pretensions, and by the inordinate reverence paid to them, do preoccupy the field, that other moral teachers would have no chance of an audience. Nearly all women who are seduced by men, are seduced at a tender age, at which they cannot have the faintest prospect of the dreadful future which awaits them. It must be imputed (I suppose) to the faithful warnings given by Catholic priests, that Irish Catholic women are so chaste: let this be some set-off against our Protestant horror of the Confessional. Nevertheless, the experience of at least all Latin Europe, besides the natural instinct of every pure heart, tells us, that priestesses, not priests, ought to instruct girls as to the morality of the sex, and the cruel results of its violation. Let boys be taught under a man, girls under a woman, perhaps a mother, so as to secure that on this subject, which is of all the most vital to young people, they shall not have to learn from their own bitter experience. It is now wholly omitted.

Girls are not even warned, what an odious hypocrisy every mercenary marriage is likely to become; how great is the evil and the danger from marriage without love, and how unnatural is the legal relation thus super-imposed. Much less are they taught not to be lenient to those men who have debased themselves before marriage, or urged to exact from men a high standard of chastity. Much more might be hinted here; but priestesses will find plenty to say, without hints from men. A clergyman also will be able to speak more simply and instructively to youths in the absence of women; and *spiritual* instruction will be only the more effective when built upon a broad foundation of faithful and detailed moral teaching."

(4.) "Another institution which needs fundamental reform, in the cause of public purity and modesty, is, the treatment of female maladies by male surgeons and physicians. . . . If we could look at the matter with fresh eyes I believe we should call our present practices a mischievous and intolerable indecency. We need to return to the sentiment of all antiquity and of all Eastern people who *was* also that of all Europe. But when modern science arose, men kept it to themselves, and thereby expelled women from their natural place of physicians and surgeons to women. . . . Not only would they minister in child-birth and in general female illness, but they would be invaluable in rescuing the unhappy harlots. To women physicians the poor lost ones would come willingly whenever it was necessary. No compulsion would be needed, no agonizing shame would be incurred, none of them would be hardened in depravity. Priestesses and female surgeons combined would carry out a truly great work. Women are not only the natural purifiers of men; they are also the natural rescuers of their own sex, to whom no good man can come very near. They would kindly and pitifully withdraw the harlot from her dreadful course, would cherish her modesty, aid her to conceal her shame, throw a veil over the past; and, instead of branding 'Prostitute' on her forehead, would strive to mix her in the crowd of unsupported women. Many of those uncounted thousands might be thus rescued by the tender intervention of ministering angels, if Parliament would but assign proper funds so as to equip women for the task. Do you set male surgeons to a compulsory introspection of these pitiable outcasts? Oh, how can men be so cruel on the one hand, or so unconscious of cruelty on the other! It is women's work: men have no business to touch it, or to study it. Greek, Turk, Indian cry out shame upon them."

(5.) The evils of a standing army, with barracks life and martial law in time of peace, occupy the remaining pages of this valuable pamphlet. But, as the subject is treated from a British national point of view, I shall not occupy your space with it.

Believe me, very truly yours,

REBECCA MOORE.

THE BUCK EYE STATE.—The most gratifying intelligence pours in from all directions. A correspondent from Belfontaine, Ohio, reports a recent discussion at West Liberty, attended by more than five hundred people, including the *élite* of the whole region, in which the following question was most ably considered: "Should the Elective Franchise be extended to the Women of America?" Able disputants contended on both sides, but the audience decided in the affirmative, by large majority.

FRENCH SOCIETY BY A FRENCHMAN.

Most persons who read books and papers attentively, will be surprised at the picture of French manners and character in the lower ranks of society, as delineated by M. Prevost Paradol in a late address before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh. The New York World is authority for the few following excerpts:

"The Catholic Church in France has steadily increased for the last thirty years; and that is even more powerful in the provincial towns and among the *bourgeoisie* than among the peasantry in the wholly rural districts. This feeling has been greatly increased by the resentment and fear which the revolution of 1848 and the threats of socialism had spread through the conservative part of the nation, and it is the conservative reaction against socialism which has mostly revived clerical influence in France. While this has gone on among the upper and middle classes, the revolutionary classes and the democratic party at large, begin again, as of old, to consider the Catholic Church as their most powerful and their bitterest enemy, the consequence being that the old struggle between the revolution and the church has arisen afresh and was never so virulent as now. The church, notwithstanding its moral and material progress, among the conservative classes, is in danger if a new revolution comes, and in such an event there are chances of its being treated as a public enemy. The church is a compound of moral greatness and moral miseries, and, when looked at closely, it is easy to understand the admiration and devotion as well as the hatred it inspires. The church in France has grown stronger with each succeeding year, because the conduct of the clergy is generally good. The women, who have great influence in France, are mostly and earnestly attached to the church, and also because Christian and natural virtues, blended as they were with religion, enveloped and sustained it.

The French woman of the middling class, not the lowest, having a mind more clear than her heart is warm, has the self-control to enable her not only to make a reasonable marriage, but to make the best of it.

The man who bears nearly the whole weight of the social fabric, who pays the bulk of the taxes, and especially the blood tax, is the French peasant. He is generally a meritorious but a small proprietor, and, as such, timid and without strength to stand against the government. The habit of regularly paying his taxes, submitting to military service, and readily obeying any representative of the Emperor, high or low, is so ingrained in him that he does not even consider the possibility of acting otherwise. He is very ignorant, and very careless and indifferent as to politics, looking on his vote as something given him by the Emperor, to be used as the Emperor commands. Still, a change is coming—the democratic party is hitting hard at the taxes and the army; they have begun to impress on the mind of the peasant that he can do something to throw off or alleviate the burden of the old yoke; and if that belief takes hold of the peasant's mind, universal suffrage will threaten the country with a new and unforeseen danger. The peasant is anything but a socialist; he is the hardest and most avaricious of masters; and if he once comes to see that he is really the master of the State, he will be inclined to treat it as the Gascon treated his horse, when he resolved to teach that poor animal to live without eating.

The Revolution.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, \$3 A YEAR.

NEW YORK CITY SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$3.20.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Editor.
SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

OFFICE, 49 EAST TWENTY-THIRD ST., N. Y.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 30, 1869.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

With the year, closes also the term of subscription of a large number of the patrons of *THE REVOLUTION*. It is gratifying to announce that the greater portion of them have already renewed; and that we are receiving most encouraging additions also to our list. To both classes, and to all our friends, we extend our heartiest good wishes, complimentary to the season, and our congratulations on the sublime successes which have crowned the year, both in the Old world and the New. The cause is alike ours and our patrons. The labors, the hopes, the end to be accomplished, are all ours alike, and we must mutually aid each other. We shall spare neither labor nor expense to make *THE REVOLUTION* all that its most earnest friends can desire; and we confidently hope, on their part, for a cheerful co-operation in extending it as widely as possible.

THE BORN THRALL.

BY ALICE CARY.

With the next volume we shall commence a new story, entitled "The Born Thrall, or Woman's Life and Experience," by the well-known writer, Miss Alice Cary—to be completed during the year. What "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was to the Anti-Slavery movement, this work will be to the cause of Woman. A book of real life and experience—uniting a solid, moral and religious purpose with Miss Cary's well known talent in the departments of general literature, poetry and fiction—our readers may confidently expect a work of no ordinary interest and importance—worth much more than the price of one subscription to *THE REVOLUTION* for the year.

THE CONVENTION IN WASHINGTON.—Our friends at the Capital anticipate the largest and most important meeting ever held there on the question of Suffrage for Woman. The most brilliant intellect, earnest heart and fervent faith and hope the country contains are to be put under contribution to conduct and sustain it; and the promise and prospect are certainly already of the most encouraging character. Delegates are coming from most of the states (from all it is hoped), and persons who cannot attend, will still be considered as among the most valuable co-operators, if they send their letters of cheer and offerings in money to Mrs. Josephine Griffing, to aid in prosecuting the work.

ANNA DICKINSON AND THE MORMONS.

Now and then somebody gives a lecture of such transcendent interest and importance, as to make all other lectures and lecturers seem cheap, if not valueless altogether. Such an one was Anna Dickinson's on Tuesday evening of last week in this city; and to such an audience as is but rarely, if ever, crowded into Steinway Hall, either as to numbers or quality. The *N. Y. Tribune*, referring to the lecture and the lecturer, said the next morning, "there are not a half-dozen women speaking to-day who have any claim to be considered as orators." Lower down the column, it says, "Miss Dickinson is a born orator." A mighty admission for that paper to make, especially in the face of such a lecture as was that on Mormonism, so named, but really on the general character of American society in relation to woman. It is true, unquestionably, that "Miss Dickinson is a born orator," but it is not so true that there are not five others in the country, also women. That there are none to-day, Miss Dickinson's equal, perhaps will be admitted, generally. Certainly all who heard her on that evening, in Steinway Hall, seemed so to decide without one dissent. And, measured by the *Tribune's* rule, there are not more men "speaking to-day who have any claim to be considered orators" than there are women. No man living ever yet held an audience in that sanctuary of eloquence so long and so breathlessly attentive as did that young priestess of humanity and divinity of womanhood, on that memorable night. One of the morning papers growled out in its brief notice, that the lecture elicited but few and feeble cheers. True enough, there were no noisy and rude demonstrations. Probably there will be none at the day of judgment—not even though the editors and conductors of that paper should be consigned by its dread decisions to the abodes of unblest ghosts. Undoubtedly, a profound sense of the justice of such a doom would hush the breath of the universe to silence, as did the inspired truths of Miss Dickinson's address the audience that hung so long spell-bound on her lips, touched, as they must have been, by a live coal from off the very altar of God. No, indeed! there was no noisy applause. It would have been profanation. It would have been impious. But the silence at times was a demonstration louder than the seven apocalyptic thunders to all who have ears to hear what the spirit of truth, the spirit of God hath to say unto the churches and the people!

And it was that alone which made the lecture eloquent as the voice of an archangel. Had it been spoken to the house of Israel in the days of Isaiah, it would to-day be a part of the sacred oracles, like the burdens of Moab, and Tyre, the woes of Egypt and Damascus, or the curse of Assyria and Babylon, as sung like solemn dirges, by that peerless prophet. Innocent nations were they, too, every one of them, compared with the American people almost three thousand years afterward! Nor should a lying priest or prophet of that period be measured in guilt with the devout doctor Fodds and Bushnells of to-day.

One of the most striking passages in Miss Dickinson's address was that where she spoke of the Mormon women as contented with their condition. Admitting it to be so, the question for every sane mind and soul is, what has been done to those women to make them thus contented and happy? What must be done to any sound, sensible, truly human woman in New York

or New England, before she could be made the meek, submissive forty-third part of a wife to Brigham Young? Through what fiery ordeal of terror and torment must she pass? In what terrible must her soul be simmered out of her, what infernal sacrament of Sinners must she drink, to be thus transformed? The poor lunatic, chained in his filthy, loathsome cell, naked, ragged, lost and lorn, he, too, seems happy, sometimes. He will sing and shout, and dance and laugh until all the dreary corridors of his prison echo his wild delights. But what price has he paid for such felicity? Just what every "happy" Mormon woman pays for every thrill of happiness that ever stirs the cold ashes of her extinguished soul. No more, no less. No less could buy it, no more could be paid.

But the Mormon woman is not happy. Anna Dickinson sounded all the depths of her innermost nature as only woman may, or can. And the answering heart of woman to the call of woman's heart, like, deep calling unto deep, was only notes of anguish. She stood like Dante on the shores of Inferno, and beneath all sound of comfort, of home, of even revelry and mirth which so delighted Judge Kelley and the Congressional Committee of Ways and Means, and captivated the whole manhood of Dr. Todd, she heard the weeping, the wailing, and gnashing of teeth!

And she has come back to tell her blinded, sinning and guilty nation the horrible story of woman thus wronged, thus outraged, by the religion and republicanism of America away almost into the two thousandth year of Christian grace. God speed his young ministering spirit.

Slavery thus dehumanized woman in this country for almost a hundred years. The opening scenes of the rebellion found not, as in Utah, fifty thousand women the victims of shameless, beastly lust, but two millions. Two millions, without a legal marriage among them all! A hundred thousand children born annually, and not one legitimate birth to redeem or mitigate the shame! Let Miss Dickinson move and melt her admiring audiences as she may, and as the *Tribune* well says, only she can, still it remains true that forty times as many slave women suffered every way a Mormon woman ever can, from generation to generation, and nearly every politician was a Judge Kelley, and almost every minister a Bushnell and a Todd.

Nor is it much better in the south to-day. Considering the numbers only, there is vastly more at the south now that is horrible to contemplate and more horrible to endure, than Salt Lake City ever saw. Nor can the quality of the victims of the plantation suffer much in comparison with a vast number of Mormon women. Miss Dickinson testified how largely their ranks are filled with European peasantry of the lowest, most degraded and most ignorant classes. But that does not prevent her from sounding their wrongs throughout the world, in the name of all that is sacred in womanhood, and holy in humanity. And God be praised that she is making herself heard and felt by her guilty country.

So should the present condition of the colored women at the south be so presented, and so stir the public heart. But it costs all to-day that it ever did to plead their cause. The republican editors know that the truth only has been spoken in regard to them, and yet has only abuse and blackguardism for those who declare it. The New York *Tribune*, with a shamelessness and wickedness perfectly infernal, endeavored

CHINESE EMIGRATION.

The papers last week told of large coffes of Chinese laborers landed in San Francisco, and reshipped to the states of the South as cotton and rice growers, particularly, under contracts to labor three years. The South calls it "Cheap labor" and counts itself happy in procuring it. It hopes to expel by it the hated colored population wholly from its soil in the first place. We shall see.

A late San Francisco *Bulletin* gives account of the landing of an emigrant ship in port there, with a cargo on board, direct from China and Japan. Passing by all the overhauling and searching of the men by custom house officials for contraband opium and other commodities, let readers, especially women, young and old, read the following :

A remarkable spectacle was the landing of the women and girls, of whom there were two hundred and forty on board. It was like landing a drove of sheep or cows. At all points of the compass were men to drive them, and they came off the boat in squad of fifteen or twenty at a time. The policemen and Chinese "bosses" kept each squad together, and drove the entire crowd into a corner under the shed, and there they stood, watched as closely as ever was guarded a gang of slaves in the South. If a Chinawoman, resident here, approached too near the prizes, she was seized and pushed away, and if any of the new-comers left the crowd she was driven back or seized by the back of the neck and shoved to her place again.

Near this multitude is an office in which a white woman is stationed, and whose business it is to search the females for opium. The door is shut and the window shades kept down close, so the examination is conducted secretly. Police officers at the door, mark off, with motions of their clubs, six of the women at a time. These were let in, searched, sent out, driven into another corner, and another squad would go in. This continued till every woman was searched. It is seldom any opium was found in the possession of these poor wretches. Most of those who come are young girls, many or them not over twelve or thirteen years of age, and nine-tenths, at least are for purposes of prostitution.

This business of importing Chinese women has been reduced to a system. Seven or eight cars (extras) of the Omnibus line were reserved for the transportation of the women to the Chinese quarters. Into these the creatures were driven by squads, under the guardianship of policemen, and hauled to a point on Jackson street, above Dupont. There was another immense multitude of Chinamen, all evidently laboring under much mental excitement. The women then ran the gauntlet again. The alley, which is one of the narrowest and filthiest in the city, was lined with Chinamen and women. The strangers were driven through it and up some rickety old steps leading to the Dupont street theatre and into the pit of that wretched place they were again herded. Here, too, was a guard of officers obliged to protect the infamous traffickers in humanity—obliged to stand by and keep the peace, and see that bad Chinamen do not kidnap women. On the stage were eight or ten men—the meanest-looking fellows of the entire lot—and one lecherous looking old woman who kept jabbering away at the women. Here these slaves—slaves to the most unprincipled and cruel of owners, are assorted, marked over and sent to the "six companies," to which they are consigned.

This is but a solitary instance. This shows how we have abolished slavery at a cost of unknown millions of money, and wealth infinitely more precious than silver and gold! the blood, the beauty, the strength, the life of the nation. For scenes like this we paid Bull Run and the Wilderness, Chickahominy and Fredericksburg, Fort Wagner, Fort Pillow and Port Hudson, Salisbury, Andersonville and Libby prisons! But the scales of eternal justice still hang in the heavens. And those heavens shall melt and be no more, ere one cruelty or crime like these shall go unavenged!

P. P.

Mrs. GAGE was too late for this week's paper.

JOHN B. GOUGH ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

In the various reports of his lectures this season, it would seem that Mr. Gough even goes out of his way to stab, or slur, or sneer at the efforts of the women to obtain their rights. For instance, last week, in this city, the papers reported him thus :

Mr. Gough proceeded with his lecture, in the course of which he alluded to "Woman's Rights." He believed that every true woman could find out her mission without a committee to find it out for her. (Loud applause.) He did not know before that women had so many wrongs. He believed in a true marriage where each should yield to the other. It was not true that women were inferior to men. The Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission would have died during the war had it not been for the women. He was not an advocate of Woman's Rights according to the doctrine of some strong-minded women. Woman has the right to labor and to remunerative pay for it. Let her vote if she has to pay taxes, but he must say that he did not believe in her voting now. He should not like to see women running to a fire, or serving in the militia, or climbing the rattines to reef a foretop-sail. Woman in her sphere is all powerful and has enough to do.

If the Sanitary and Christian Commissions would have died in the war, without the women, the country would surely have perished without those Commissions. And so the women saved the country, but Mr. Gough does "not believe in her voting now." He would not like to see women running to a fire. But at a recent fearful conflagration in Vermont the papers said the women rendered valuable service, working side by side with the men. But Mr. Gough does "not believe in her voting now." He "is not an advocate for Woman's Rights according to the doctrine of some strong-minded women." Let him go with the weak-minded then, if he likes them better. He need be in no want of woman's society, even then. "Let her vote," he says, "if she has to pay taxes, but he must say he does not believe in her voting now." But she has to pay taxes now. Tremendous taxes." One in this office last week pays five or six thousand dollars a year! And every day those are here who pay annually, more than that number of hundreds. When shall they vote, Mr. Gough, if not now? In a word, women have proved their ability to help in war, to aid at fires, to command a ship from Calcutta to New York, have done it within twelve months, and from California to New York within four years, and are paying taxes on almost half the wealth of the country, more than a fourth, and Mr. Gough does "not believe in their voting yet!" Well. But he need not sneer at them, and set the laughing hyenas on the track of them whenever he goes.

P. P.

MRS. DR. BACHELDER.—Boston has certainly in her, an earnest, devoted, and every way competent worker in the cause of the working girls of that city. The plan of Dr. Bachelder is to make the education of girls cover the whole ground of household and much other work as well as of books. And if her noble and well-conceived purposes can be adopted, even in Boston only, it will be the beginning of one of the grandest and most hopeful revolutions of the age. She has already won her way into the Social Science Association and recently read a paper before it on The Neglected Industrial Element in the Boston Schools, in which the mischievous tendencies and the one-sidedness of popular education were eloquently set forth : and a forcible appeal was made for the means of establishing a school for the education of the younger class of the girls of the city who are growing up amid vicious associations, in the

to blunt the edge of all my testimony in regard to the present condition of the southern colored women, because, as it pretended, I "was delighting the democrats!" Perhaps I was. But the *Tribune* must have delighted the devils with its treatment of my testimony. That same paper had to own, only last week, that the twenty-eight colored members of the Georgia Legislature had all of them been expelled from their seats by rebels, still rampant, and one-half of them were subsequently murdered in cold blood! If they do thus to black men at the south, senators and representatives, what can the black women expect? Thousands and thousands of them could change places with the average Mormon women, and profit immensely by the bargain. But, the people won't believe me, because their party newspapers say I am "delighting the democrats" with my accounts. And yet the editors know they are guilty of unblushing falsehoods when they contradict me, for many of them have been south and looked on the reeking abominations done there, with their own eye-balls. They have been like Dr. Todd and Judge Kelley, in Mormonism. They could hob nob with Brigham Beelzebub Young, accept his overflowing hospitalities, praise his wealth and the means by which he acquires it, and the reverend doctor could even preach in his pulpit and give him the right hand of christianity and fraternal fellowship, and assure him that there were different roads leading to Paradise but that one of them, he was quite sure, went straight through Utah, like the great railway to the Pacific ocean.

So the political Dr. Todds treat the south. And whoever speaks truly and faithfully of things as they are, is sneered, scoffed at, black-guarded and spurned, because "delighting the democrats." All this I have proved in my own person. Not only have politicians and editors of the *Tribune* and other papers done it, but my own former friends, neighbors dear as blood relations.

Now, we will wait and see. Claiming no relationship to prophets nor to the sons of the prophets, I have yet had and freely spoken my own opinions on prospective, as well as passed and passing events. And those who know me best, can testify to what purpose. To Time, the ever-faithful arbiter, I dare still to commit my cause.

P. P.

THE DARK SIDE OF THE SOUTH.—Even the N. Y. *Tribune* has to see it and admit its existence as do the republican journals. It said one day last week that the freed slave "lives in the present, thinking little of the past or the future—a bottle of whiskey or a watermelon today is more prized by him than a farm or a fortune twenty years hence." And it adds, "it is no discredit—it is the simple truth—to say of men hardly four generations out of the jungle and not ten years out of slavery, that the mass of them lack certain qualities essential to successful pioneers." No harsher word than this was ever spoken in *THE REVOLUTION* or N. Y. *Independent* as to the present condition of the Freedmen ; and what has been said was not spoken reproachfully of them, or in depreciation of their emancipation, or "to please the democrats," as the *Tribune* and other malignant republican presses have falsely intimated so often ; but to awaken public thought as to their moral and material depression, degradation and suffering. And it is most gratifying to know, by the promptness with which Congress has turned their attention to the subject, that the object has at least been partially secured.

P. P.

various household duties and also in printing and telegraphy. Coupled with this was the prospectus of an institution for the surrounding of the female working population of the city with influences similar to those which are given to young men by the Young Men's Christian Union. Both plans Mrs. Bachelder is working for with enthusiasm, and she hopes to consummate them ere long, by awakening the wealthy to the necessities of those for whom she pleads. Mr. Quincy, President of the Association, and others, spoke favorably and with much feeling of the merits of the scheme.

CAN WOMEN HOLD OFFICE?

The question has more than once been decided affirmatively. When Mrs. Stanton was a candidate for Congress in this city, not long ago, her votes were received, counted, returned to the State Department and deposited in the archives of the state with all the rest, as legal and as constitutional as any others. This it was held at the time was a full admission of her right to hold office had she been duly elected. But the people preferred John Morrissey then and have retained him as a suitable representative of them and their interests in Congress ever since.

Recently, the right of woman to hold office has been more directly declared in Iowa than in any other state, the Attorney-General having given an opinion in the case of a young woman elected Superintendent of Common Schools (as already announced in *THE REVOLUTION*), to the following effect:

Hon. A. S. KINSEY, Superintendent of Public Instruction.

DEAR SIR: Rights and privileges of persons (citizens) are frequently extended, but never abridged by implication. The soundness and wisdom of this rule of construction is, I believe, universally conceded. Two clauses of the constitution only contain express provisions excluding women from the rights and privileges in said provisions named. [Section 1, of Article 1, as to the rights of suffrage, and Section 4, of Article 3, which provides that members of the Legislature must be free white male citizens. Free and white have lost their meaning (if the words in that use ever had any suitable or good meaning), but the word male still retains its full force and effect. If this express restriction exists in the constitution as to any other office it has escaped my notice. It is true that the words "person" and "citizen" frequently occur in other parts of the constitution in connection with eligibility and qualification for office, and I fully admit that by usage—"time honored usage," if you will—these phrases have, in common acceptance, been taken to mean men in the masculine gender only, and to exclude women. But a recent decision in the Court of Exchequer, England, holding that the generic term man included women also, indicates our progress from a crude barbarism to a better civilization. The office of County Superintendent was created by chapter 52 of the Acts of the Seventh General Assembly, Laws of 1863, pages 52-72. Neither in that act nor in any subsequent legislation on the subject have I been able to find any express provision making male citizenship a test of eligibility for the place, or excluding women; and when I look over the duties to be performed by that officer—as I have with some care, and I trust, not without interest—I deem it extremely fortunate for the cause of education in Iowa that there is no provision in the law preventing women from holding the office of County Superintendent of Common Schools. I know that the pronoun he is frequently used in different sections of the act, referring to the officer; but, as stated above, this privilege of the citizen cannot be taken away or denied by intent or implication; and women are citizens as well and as much as men. I need scarcely add that, in my opinion, Miss Addington is eligible to the office to which she has been elected; that she will be entitled to her pay when she qualifies and discharges the duties of the office, and that her decisions on appeal, as well as all her official acts, will be legal and binding. It is perhaps proper to state that an opinion on this question, substantially in agreement with the present one, was sent from this office to a gentleman

writing from Osgo, in Mitchell County, several weeks ago, which, for some reason unknown to me, seems not to have been made public in the county. I have the honor to be, etc.,

HENRY O'CONNOR, Attorney-General.

JENNIE COLLINS AND THE DOVER STRIKE

WHETHER it is wise for women to strike as do men, for higher wages, may be a question, but they have at least the same right. The strike at Dover, N. H., still holds out, and Miss Jennie Collins of Boston has espoused its cause in right good earnest. Last week she went up to Lowell, Mass., and rallied the factory women and girls there to the rescue in their behalf. They gathered by thousands in Huntington Hall, one of the largest in New England, to listen to Jennie's appeal for their sisters in Dover. Her address is reported at considerable length in Massachusetts papers, but the following passages must suffice for these short columns:

She rejoiced that the Dover girls held out, and she had no doubt but they would eventually be restored to their old places at the former rates of compensation. The women all over the country, she believed, when they understood the facts, would allow the Cochecho goods to rot on the shelves before they would purchase them, and she was bound to do all in her power to advertise the facts. George Peabody, she thought, was not the philanthropist he might have been with his vast wealth, for, in all his munificence, he has failed to alleviate the poverty of those to whom he was specially indebted for his remarkable success in life; but yet he was everywhere extolled as the prince of benefactors, and the great nations of the world have united in paying honor and tribute to his memory. If she added, he had searched out suffering and injustice and afforded relief, his memory and good deeds would live longer than the acts of his life, which are perpetuated by monuments and institutions. In further describing the oppression of the working women in the eastern states, she said that it seemed to her that their condition was worse than that of the black women of the south; but she was reluctant to believe that the partiality was on account of color. To secure substantial relief from the present and prospective wrongs she counselled them to organize thoroughly among themselves, and then stand firmly by each other in resisting the oppression of cotton aristocracy and heartless stockholders and overseers. Referring briefly to the Women's Rights movement, she alluded to the execution of Mrs. Surratt, when there was not a voice, except that of her own daughter, raised to save her; but when Jefferson Davis, with his hands dripping with the blood of thousands, was brought to the bar of justice, who but the tender-hearted Horace Greeley came to the rescue! but for a poor woman, who was not positively guilty of murder, he had not a word of sympathy, or of mercy. Such a circumstance as this, she thought, was a strong argument for Woman Suffrage, and for legislation to allow women to hold office. What she wanted most, was an organization to secure the protection of the working women of the country against the cruel encroachments of capital, and every true woman of the country would unite and rejoice in the movement.

After Miss Collins's address the following preamble and resolution were adopted:

Whereas, The Cochecho Manufacturing Company at Dover, N. H., have reduced the wages of their operatives by twelve per cent., and have thereby unnecessarily created great suffering and distress, while the affairs of the company are in a highly prosperous condition, they having for years divided a dividend of sixteen per cent. per annum and increased the value of their stock to \$172 beyond its par value per share; therefore,

Resolved, That the conduct of the Cochecho Manufacturing Company in thus reducing the wages of their operatives is unjust and oppressive, and deserves the execration of the community; that we tender to the victims of their meanness and tyranny the assurance of our warmest sympathies, and that we call upon the press to assist in holding up to public reprobation the harsh and cruel conduct of the Cochecho Manufacturing Company.

The New Hampshire Patriot says the stock of the Dover factories has fallen in the market since the strike from \$750 on the shares of \$500

par value, to \$665, and that the general belief is that there was no necessity for the reduction of twelve per cent. in the wages of employees. The best operatives have left for Lowell, Lawrence and Lewiston, and it is believed to be impossible for the company to start up all their works during the winter.

TRAIN AT TAMMANY.

LAST Sunday evening saw Tammany Hall crowded to repletion to hear a dispensation of Gospel by George Francis Train. A wet, dark night and "fifty cents at the door" were a bad lookout for an audience in so immense a building, but still one came, in overflowing abundance. All classes were represented—

Merchants, editors, physicians,
Lawyers, priests and politicians,

with a considerable peppering of Fenians distributed throughout. For the hour, or the hour and a half and more, Train seemed, indeed, the coming man. Evidently the politicians are alarmed, and whistling will not keep their courage up. To quote the Hutchinsons' song again, slightly varied, they seemed to

Hear his mighty car-wheels humming
And to see his engine coming;
To the terror of these forces,
With his votes and ballot-boxes.

The lecture was as unique and erratic as its author, but while scathingly severe on the pulpit, the press and the politicians, it inculcated liberty, honesty, sobriety and sincerity at every point, and was at times sublimely eloquent. Once or twice he appealed to the audience whether he should proceed, but they would hear nothing of stopping until he had spoken an hour and a half, and then many seemed ready to mob him for closing so soon. Not till he had taken his hat and coat and left the stage did the audience begin to disperse. Next Sunday evening he speaks again to the handful of New York's million inhabitants who go early enough to get into Tammany, the second largest Hall in the city.

THE BIBLE AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—Its length should not deter any from giving it attentive reading. We print it entire to-day, that it may not be in two volumes of the paper. Though often treated before in these columns, the question will be found still to admit of new and profound consideration in such hands as Mr. Hooker's; and the fact that he views it from the highest evangelical standpoint will give his argument additional weight in the minds of all who accept with him, the doctrine of the divine inspiration of the Bible.

ALICE CARY'S STORY.—We are assured by persons who have seen portions of it in Manuscript that it will be one of the most remarkable as well as interesting unfoldings of the mysteries of womanhood in itself, and in all its thousand relations, that has been yet produced. If Englishwomen needed Mrs. Browning's Aurora Leigh, so do American women. And in Miss Cary's story of *The Born Thral* they shall have it. Let every reader of *THE REVOLUTION*, especially every subscriber, so report and thus induce others to become subscribers, so as to give its thrilling truths the widest extent possible. We shall commence the new year with a greatly increased subscription list. And we are sure our friends will lend us their hearty co-operation, remembering always that it is for them and their children, especially for

mothers and their daughters, of every race, *THE REVOLUTION pleads*, indeed is published at all.

OUTRAGE ON A TURKISH LADY.

THERE is nothing apparently in depravity, injustice and cruelty, of which our laws and courts are not capable. It happened last week that a Turkish lady, highly educated and accomplished, and about twenty-five years of age, was one victim, and the wonder is, that she is not now serving out a term in the Penitentiary. She was brought last week into the Brooklyn Court of Sessions, when Mr. A. Bedrossina, who appeared on behalf of Mr. C. Oscanyan, the Turkish Consul, acted as interpreter for the lady, and stated her case to the Court. A year or so ago, a man named C. H. Christian, a confectioner on Fulton avenue, formed her acquaintance in Turkey and induced her to come with him to this country. She had considerable money at this time, amounting to something like \$2,000, and on his promising to make her his wife as soon as they reached this country, she gave her money to him, and followed him to America.

On reaching this country Christian established the confectionery store with the money he had obtained from her, but refused to marry her, and recently when she asked him for some money he acted very violently toward her. On the 5th inst. he had her arrested, taken before Justice Lynch and sent to the jail in Raymond street for ten days. On the day of her release she again returned to the house of her betrayer and rang the door-bell. Christian appeared at the door, she says, and ordered her away. Having no home and not knowing where to go, she refused to leave the house, and he again caused her arrest. On this occasion he made a charge of trespass, and at his solicitation the Justice sentenced her to imprisonment in the King's County Penitentiary, at Flatbush, for the term of two months. The attention of the Turkish Consul was called to the case, and, through him, the unfortunate woman was liberated from prison. Judge Troy looked upon her case as one deserving a great deal of sympathy, and called the attention of the District Attorney to it as one which it would be just and proper to submit to the Grand Jury. He said he had in several instances been compelled to release parties sent to prison by Justices where no proper complaints had been made, and he thought it time now that the attention of the Grand Jury was called to it. The lady was promptly discharged.

SENATORIAL COURTESY TO A WOMAN.—It was, however, a French woman, and not an American, to whom the marked favor was shown. But it was not to the French Empress, nor even the editor of a public newspaper. She is only a reporter for the *Paris Moniteur*, Elleva Ophellean by name. And yet "she was treated with marked consideration," was even "invited during the session to a seat on the floor of the Senate," was introduced to Vice-President Colfax, and by him, to a large number of the most distinguished Senators. American women, whether reporters or editors, or of whatever station, have to be contented with seats in the gallery, and such attentions from Honorable Senators as can be shot up to them from the floor to which Mlle. Ophellean, a French newspaper reporter, was invited. When American women take their seats in that hall as members, no lady, whether of foreign or home extraction, will be likely to be

treated with less politeness and attention than was this French lady. At least so it is to be hoped, and the time for preferring foreigners to equally worthy American persons, will have passed away.

GOOD WORD FROM RHODE ISLAND.—Every part of New England is making our acquaintance to a new and most gratifying extent. There is no time to tell all the good words now spoken of *THE REVOLUTION*, nor is it necessary. The Newport (R. I.) *News* says:

THE REVOLUTION is the organ of the Woman Suffrage party. It is ably conducted in support of a good cause, and though sometimes given a little astray according to the judgment of "we menfolks," is worthy of being generally read. Those who wish to know how the new movement progresses will do well to subscribe with the new year. Miss Susan B. Anthony is the Proprietor, and Mrs. E. C. Stanton, Editor.

THE REVOLUTION is the organ of no party, but is the mouthpiece for all who would plead the cause of Equal Rights.

RAILWAY ROBBERIES.—Women journeying on railroads are often unprofitable patrons of the stockholders by reason of their enormous trunks, enormous in size and in number. "Baggage smashers," as many semi-barbarians employed on the roads are appropriately called, revenge themselves too often by robbing as well as smashing trunks, until it is reported that on the New York Central road alone, the actual losses to passengers in two months, have reached the amount of a hundred thousand dollars.

WYOMING.—Among the agencies employed to secure the Suffrage for the women of Wyoming was the eloquence of Miss Redelia Bates, of Missouri, whose lectures are much praised in the newspapers that way. Of herself and one of her addresses in the hall of the House of Representatives, the *Wyoming Tribune* says:

Her manner on the rostrum is very graceful, her enunciation clear and musical, her arrangement of facts logical and convincing. Through the entire lecture there was a thread of earnest hopefulness, of womanly tenderness, fine pathos, native eloquence, satisfying the audience that a woman may devote attention to the nobler instincts of humanity without becoming unsexed or unwomanly. Her arguments were unanswerable, except upon the basis of prejudice. The lecture was heard with profound attention, and the many beautiful metaphors and strong points were thoroughly appreciated by the audience. We prophesy for Miss Bates a brilliant future in the field of spoken literature, and wish her the largest measure of success, in that noble mission to which her talent is devoted.

GEORGIA RECONSTRUCTION.—Slow progress is made, if any, in restoring the nationality. The limping, halting policy of the government has encouraged the half-subdued rebel states to so many defiance of its power that to this day it is very doubtful which is to be finally counted victor, the north or the south. Congress has at last remanded Georgia back again to Military rule until she repents of some of her proscriptions and murders of colored legislators. Of the original members of its present legislature, it is said, twelve or fifteen have been assassinated. There were twenty-eight in all of the colored members, and all were expelled for their color; and, as appeared in Congress on the investigation, about half of them have since been foully murdered!

PROGRESS OF RECONSTRUCTION.—Georgia is remanded back under martial law. Virginia still hangs in mid air. Several other rebel

states (so called) are scarcely saved even as by fire. They must wait for the women. Peace only came by emancipation. Reconstruction will come with woman's enfranchisement.

TENNESSEE.—Bad as the State is reported to be, its legislature has or had before it majority and minority reports, one for and the other against the adoption of the resolution to request the Constitutional Convention to grant the elective franchise to women.

OUR DISINTERESTED ANTEILUVIANS.

BY JOHN NEAL.

"THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS."

DEAR REVOLUTION: Last evening at Albany I paid a visit of ten minutes to the "Onondaga Giant." Visitors are not allowed to handle or touch the monster, and there was a railing round to keep us out of harm's way. "But I saw enough to satisfy me, nevertheless."

It is claimed to be gypsum—plaster of Paris—but judging by sight alone, I should call it limestone. This fact, if it be a fact, disposes of one theory. Limestone would be a somewhat more stubborn material than gypsum, for a sculptor to amuse himself with, being fifty times more unmanageable than the sandstone, out of which Thom wrought his Tam O'Shanter.

But then, it is called a *petrification*; and scientific names are given to sanction the preposterous idea. A petrification, to be sure! To say nothing of the abdominal viscera being turned to stone, and without a sign of wasting or collapsing—that whole mass weighs about three thousand pounds—how are we to explain the fact, that a large portion of the underpart is decomposed or disintegrated? Can the same cause, whether fluid or solid, which petrifies human flesh, turning it into solid stone, be capable of wasting and destroying that very stone? wearing large holes in a part and honeycombing the rest? The idea is utterly preposterous. It is therefore no petrification.

But what is it? One exceedingly shrewd correspondent of some newspaper, has ventured to suggest that the figure has been cast in metal and coated with plaster, because he says, the head sounds hollow when struck. How that may be, I cannot say, since we are not allowed to touch the head, nor any other part of the figure. But as it weighs nearly three thousand pounds—and the outside coating is limestone, to all appearance, and certainly not plaster, we may venture to dismiss that idea also, as something still more preposterous than the first.

Another speculation takes this shape. If no petrification, but sculpture, it is a work of such astonishing power, bearing no little resemblance to Michael Angelo's huge masses of sculpture, "Night and Morning;" that, of course, the artist might be famous, if he would, and certainly would never stoop to the moulding or chiselling of a titanic humbug. And then, too, why has he never been heard of before?

Another startling supposition is, that, inasmuch as it has been found in a region, where other petrifications have at least been heard of, and where an old Indian tradition is said to prevail about stone giants, and the lust of the giants having been turned to stone, *therefore* this must be one of them, or perhaps a disintegrated Antediluvian; since our friend Agassiz

has demonstrated that we are occupying the Old World.

But how came the monster to be found where it was, among the mastodons of a past age? Could it have been buried there, without the knowledge or consent of the husbandman, on whose farm it was found? Is it conceivable that a mass weighing nearly a ton and a half, requiring a large team of horses and a heavy wagon, could be dragged over any man's grounds, even at night, without his consent and co-operation, and without leaving unmistakable traces, and alarming the whole neighborhood, unless he did co-operate?

And now for my theory. I believe, the holes we see underneath and in the feet were worn by falling water. They are just such as you see along our coast in the talco-slate formation, and at Magara and the Genesee Falls—and everywhere indeed, where water carries with it sand or pebbles and comes and goes with the tide, or pours over a rocky ledge whirling and eddying on its way.

I believe, too, that the sculptor, as he is called—about as much of a sculptor, by the way, as you may see in any ship-yard, or stone-mason's establishment, or marble-workers' outlay of genius on grave-stones and monuments—I believe that he happened to see in dry weather, at the foot of some water-fall, in a limestone formation, a mass of stone representing a gigantic human figure asleep—just as they found in Mount Athens a suggestion for Alexander, and in our day a monstrous profile at Franconia, N. H., which they call the "Old Man of the Mountain," and the head of a lion crouching on a bluff in Casco Bay, at the entrance of Portland harbor; that he probably undertook to improve the suggestion by working up a feature here and there, and chiseling other portions into a more decided shape, till he came to the head, which, notwithstanding all we have been told of its grandeur and majestic serenity, as if it were another sphynx—which it certainly is, under one aspect—is a huge barber's-block and nothing more, and rather out of proportion, being twenty-one inches from chin to crown, while the body is ten feet $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Other measurements are given, which go to show a more careful study. The head, to be sure, is of the Caucasian type, and phenologically fair, though meaningless, like the countenance, and not corresponding with the position or attitude of the body. The ears and the articulation of the joints being beyond the power of the sculptor—he lets the ears go for what they are worth—wholly unfinished—and leaves the hand a large unshapely mass, far inferior to the hands you sometimes meet with, holding out a bunch of segars at the door of some tobacco-shop. By the head we may best judge of the "artist," for the head is undoubtedly his own work altogether; while the best part of the body is Nature's. Portions of the thigh, and the knees, however, deserve praise—and were probably suggested by the original formation before it was tampered with. Else, why is one arm cast underneath the body, and the other lying athwart the abdomen, where it conceals nothing?

By and by, after having strengthened the resemblance to a recumbent human figure, it became a question, what should be done with it? Nobody would pay for the sight of a monstrous deformity or abortion—and then, too, there was the unmanageable disintegrated honey-comb structure, which could not be wrought into the figure. And just at this point, probably, the idea sprang

up that this very honey-comb structure, with holes from the size of a marble to that of a tea-cup, might be turned to account, as a *sign of decay, proving the lapse of ages*? And then what next? Bury the figure and have it found, and dug up, and then, through the newspapers and their correspondents, set all the antiquarians, the naturalists, the anatomists, the geologists and the chemists from Dan to Beersheba, the Smithsonian Institute down to barber-shops, guessing and speculating, theorizing and explaining, till the parties engaged in the conspiracy having feathered their nests and coined their monstrosities into gold are found out, and exposed if not punished. That they ought to be severely punished, prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretences, all must acknowledge; but then, Barnum was not indicted for his Pejee mermaid, his Joyce Heth, nor his Woolly Horse—and why begin with these poor fellows, the getters up of antediluvian sculpture, gigantic petrification, and Cardiff giants.

Saratoga, Dec. 15, 1869.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

It is the old story—a disagreement over some trifling matter. We differed in opinion; he said with a man's sneer, that I took a woman's view of the case, and that angered me, till presently we were quarrelling, and the dreadful words escaped me.

"I wish either you or I was dead."

It shocked him; he asked me if I meant it, and I repeated,

"I am sorry we were ever married, and I do from my heart wish one of us was dead."

He grew pale.

"It is time we parted, then," he said.

"The sooner the better," I rejoined.

Thus I took upon myself the double burden of loneliness and calumny.

My husband went out of the room, never looking back, and left the house. I trembled for what I had done. I felt oppressed and lonesome; but thought he would come back. Music, embroidery and reading, I tried successively, but failed to be either amused or interested. I dressed myself in my best, and walked through the most populous streets, hoping to meet him; I passed his store, but could not see him there. Who would have thought, looking in my smiling face, that my heart ached? I met my fashionable friends, and accepted an invitation to a party. I consented to be one of a committee to raise funds for a charitable object.

I went home sorrowful. A night of anxiety ensued. The morrow came; but no husband. My sorrow was changing to anger. I resolved to go to his shop; and put my resolution into practice. Everybody was there but my husband—his partner waited upon me with alacrity. I bought a few trifles, and then asked, with as little apparent concern as possible,

"O, Mr. Saunders, where is Charles?"

He gave me a strange look; his eyes dilated.

"You must know that he sailed for Europe, yesterday."

How I looked, what I said then, I knew not. I seemed to live an age in a moment—an age of bewildering, hideous recollection. When I came to myself, I was grasping the counter with both hands. Mr. Saunders held a chair and was begging me to be seated. I shook my head, and in the full belief that I was dying, got into a

carriage and was driven home. Calling my servant, on my arrival there, I asked her if Mr. Warren had been home since the previous morning?

"O, yes, ma'm," she said, "he came after you went out, and I helped him pack the leather travelling trunk. He said he was called away in a hurry, and that was all. Then he had left no word for me. I grew cold; my very teeth chattered, and I had only self-command enough to dismiss the servant. What could they think of it at the store, for of course more than Mr. Saunders saw how terribly startled and distressed I was. How did they look upon a wife who knew nothing of so important a step on the part of her husband? Misery and I were companions now. I lost all interest in my household; my friends first consoled with, then deserted me, on account of my gloomy countenance. Why I was thus abandoned was a mystery to all but myself. Sickness of body followed sickness of heart. I had no relations; I had been an only child; my parents were both dead.

After my recovery from a discouraging illness, I received a visit from my husband's partner. He was a handsome man, not even middle-aged, and much admired by everybody. His manner was so kind that I was gradually led on to confide in my troubles to him. Alas! his coming boded no good. He brought the astounding intelligence that my husband had dissolved partnership with him—that the business had been carried on by writing, and through the mediation of a friend—and that he knew nothing of his whereabouts. This was dreadful tidings to me. I had heard no word from him—I was not rich in my own right; bills were coming in continually; I still lived extravagantly, and knew not which way to turn.

My husband's partner came to the rescue again.

"Give up your house," he said, "take a smaller one in the suburbs, and if you will allow me, I will pay one year's rent in advance, and help you to find means to live." I thought he was a very angel for kindness, and in my dependent state, was ready to follow his advice in every particular.

I owned a grand piano. By selling that and some of the furniture, I managed to pay most of my debts, and by giving lessons in music on a hired instrument, I supported myself. Mr. Saunders seemed always my friend. I thought him the soul of honor. If he paid money for me he placed it to my account, and in my ignorance of business, I felt that I could repay him sometime.

A year passed. I had taken boarders, a man and his wife, and had three or four pupils who paid me well. I began to get used to my strange situation. Mr. Saunders called once in a while, and the only thing that troubled me, now, was my obligations to him. He had expended nearly two hundred dollars for me, and I had repaid him only a very small sum. His manner towards me, gradually changed; it became a trifle too familiar. I detected an expression in his eye that alarmed me, and yet I hardly knew why. The lady who boarded with me, took the liberty of asking me if he was a relative. It made me angry, and I replied too carelessly. The next week my boarders left me—and to my grief, the woman I had harbored proved to be a scandal-monger, and my reputation suffered.

Before long it became too painfully apparent that Mr. Saunders was not what he seemed. One evening he surprised me with a passionate

avowal of love. I was shocked beyond all description, and answered him with passionate vehemence. He was coldly sarcastic, taunted me with my obligations—said that my reputation was already suffering, and professed the darkest intentions. It was a terrible situation—something worse than death stared me in the face—humiliation, dishonor. I had no friends; I was a deserted wife. My boarders had gone, and my scholars were gradually leaving me. My prospects were cheerless indeed, but God was still my friend. I repelled the advances of this fiend in human shape, and he left me in a towering passion. Malevolent reports were spread about—I was in despair. Because I preferred virtue and poverty to disgrace and the emoluments of a mistress, I was to be despised.

Misfortune continued to follow me. My remaining furniture was sold to pay Mr. Saunders. What to do, I knew not; that wretched man followed me like a fate, from place to place. I obtained a situation as nursery-governess; his blasting breath poisoned the atmosphere, and I was obliged to leave it. I got situations in stores and show-rooms, but invariably he continued to injure me in such a way that my services were dispensed with after a few weeks. At last I found employment in the Lowell mills. I deported myself with the greatest circumspection—made but few acquaintances, attended faithfully to my duties, but after a while the same persecutions would begin. The men about the establishment who were not gentlemen, addressed me in a most insolent manner—and I knew that my husband's partner was still secretly persecuting me. I went to the proprietor only to be told that women who conducted themselves with propriety were never insulted. Besides the fact always preceded me, or became known in some manner, that I was a deserted wife—and it told powerfully against me, particularly with my own sex. I was as near despair as I could be—driven almost wild by the neglect of those immediately around me, and still followed by the man who was the cause of all my suffering.

Well, he is dead now—and sometimes I find myself wondering, curiously, if God can forgive him.

One day, an employee finding me alone in the work-room, anxious to finish a task I had undertaken, placed his hand on my neck, and called me his darling. All my spirit was roused, and with one vigorous blow I sent him reeling to the floor, and left him lying there. I shall never forget how exultant I felt, seeing him at my feet, stunned for the moment. The next day, meeting him, I took under my apron a small pistol which I had procured.

"You see that I am able, now, to defend myself," I said, "touch me, or speak to me again while I am here, at your peril."

He went immediately and reported that I carried concealed weapons. It was proved that I did, and the employer gave me notice to quit the establishment.

When I look back upon that period, sometimes, I wonder that I kept my reason. What to do now, I knew not. It was impossible to place myself beyond the power of that terrible man, my husband's former partner. I wrote to his mother, beseeching her to use her influence to protect me. It was an unwise move, for he had her ear. I never received an answer.

Providence gave me a friend in the person of a sailor's widow. Her son was purser's clerk, or something of that kind, on one of the English steamers between New York and Liverpool.

and through his mother's exertions, I was provided with a place as stewardess. I exulted now in the thought that I should no longer be followed by the cruel persecutions of the man who had become my deadliest enemy. My plans were secretly arranged. I provided some plain dresses, cut my hair short, wore a false front and a hideous black cap, and thus attired, took my humble position with thankfulness.

The voyage proved a stormy one—and I had several sick persons on my hands. One morning, when the wind was blowing a perfect gale, one of the surgeons came to me, and wished me to take care of a gentleman who had come on board sick. He had ruptured a blood vessel, he said, and needed extra attention, though he was out of immediate danger.

I was conducted to the state room, which was quite dark, for the invalid had been asleep. I gave one look at the pallid, suffering face; whiter than the pillow on which it laid. The blood recoiled to my heart—for there before me, laid—my husband.

I heard vaguely the words of the surgeon, "paid assistant"—"capital nurse"—and then I was left alone, with one whom I felt had deeply wronged me.

"Will you give me some water?" he asked, faintly—and then, "what is your name, my good woman?"

I quietly replied, "Bartlett."

He looked steadily at me, as I spoke, and grew pale, as I put the question, "When have you heard from your wife?"

"What do you know about it?" he cried eagerly—and then—in a lower, sadder voice—"I have no wife."

"Pardon me, sir—but I know your wife, I know your history, save the years you have been away. Your wife has been a noble, virtuous woman—yes, I think I can say that."

"Who are you?" he cried, starting forward. "My name is Bartlett, and I know your wife," I answered, steadily.

"When I left," he said, uneasily, "I left a note with my partner, to give to her. In that I told her my intentions; in that I asked her to reconsider—and that any time, she could call me back."

"That note your wife never received." "If I could only believe it," he remarked—"but Saunders was like a brother to me." "Saunders was a liar and a villain."

"He told me but a few days ago, when I came back to find her, that he had forwarded all my remittances, but that she was leading the life of a—"

"Hush!" I cried, in such a voice that he looked up with a kind of terror.

"You shall never, in my hearing," I went on, "couple her name with the word you were about to speak." Then I took off my cap, and my false hair; he gave a great cry, and in another moment he had caught me in his arms. How much we had to tell each other on that stormy voyage! He believed and pitied me. I believed and pitied him.

His partner never made restitution, for when we returned home, he was gone to his long account, but my heart aches every day for the helpless women who are thrown adrift upon the great world, of whose struggles to maintain themselves and to keep upright none but God knows. O, that the time may soon come when woman shall be able to protect herself! when, armed with the ballot, encouraged by fair wages and honorable employment, she may not be called upon to suffer and endure, merely because she is a woman.

The Chicago Universe has come to New York. It is a radical weekly newspaper, large size, superbly printed and ably edited, heretofore, and doubtless will be even more so in time to come. Among the more striking papers which will appear, or be commenced, in the issue of January 1st, 1870, are the following: Policy in Regard to Divorce, East and West, by Robert Dale Owen; The Change Caused by Death, by Epes Sargent; The First and Second Mrs. Wood, a Story, by Mrs. Jennie T. Hazen Lewis; Half the World's Work, Part I. a Story, by Mrs. Robert Dale Owen; The Labor Interest, by Horace H. Day; Feticide—Its facts and Philosophy, by Mrs. Dr. Carpenter; Children in the After-Life, by Anna Kimball, M. D.; A Haunted House in Brooklyn, a Veritable History of My Own Experience, by Eleanor Kirk.

Subscription price:—\$3.00 per year, invariably in advance. Address, H. N. F. Lewis, editor and proprietor, publication rooms, corner of Broadway and Thirty-second street, N. Y.

THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR.—It survives in spite of the shortest pasturage, apparently, into which any flock was ever turned. Since the days of its founder, Mr. Abner Kneel, and, almost forty years ago, it has struggled on in maintenance of the right of all the people to reject, if they please, all the forms and doctrines of the prevailing religions, even to the existence of a God. But the Investigator believes in man and in men. And in women. And in equal human rights and responsibilities—in justice, temperance; and in all manly virtues and graces for both sexes. The Prospectus for 1870 is at least candid, frank, unmistakable—closing with this quotation:

Let Gods attend on things that Gods must know,
Man's only care relates to things below.

Its terms are: Two copies to one address, one year, \$6; one copy, one year, \$3.50. Proprietor, J. P. Mendum, 84 Washington street, Boston.

LITERARY.

HOLIDAY BOOKS. Messrs. Hurd and Houghton of this city and Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., have sent us some beautiful works just suited for holiday gifts to young people. One is entitled an *American Family in Paris*, handsomely illustrated. It contains, as might be expected, descriptions of what would most attract the attention of young persons and indeed of all persons visiting that city of Enchantments done in dialogue form as conversations in the family. The author, in a page of preface, says: "The book has been prepared with an honest desire, not only to make its pages pleasant and wholesome for the young reader, but to secure for it the merit of accuracy in those parts which, as may be seen by a glance at its contents, ought to be written with a true love for exactness." And that full table of contents is no small part of the merit of the work. Whoever buys and reads it, will be pleased with it, and if he loves his children as he should, will be not less pleased to see how delighted they will be with every page and picture of it, from beginning to end.

And much the same may be said of *White and Red*, a narrative of life among the Indians, by Helen C. Wadsworth, also illustrated. This book is all about a family that went to the Minnesota prairies in pursuit of health, and how they lived there among the Indians and made their acquaintance, and were not scared nor scalped by them, but recovered the lost health and apparently took on a great deal more with their increased *acrobatic* disposition, and got safely away. It is a charming book.

Then there is another entitled *Two Lives in One*, by Vieux Moustache, author of *Our Fresh and Salt Tutors*, or *That Good Old Time*. Also a Family Sketch, though unlike the others, but not in interest. All are handsomely bound volumes of 250 to 300 pages each. The fourth book is a poem of 80 pages, by Edward Hopper, with this title-page: *Old Horse Gray* and the parish of Grumbleton—Respectfully dedicated to the Merciful Philologist,

Henry Burgh. Motto.—"A righteous man regardeth the life of his heart." This is a very pretty book, on elegant tinted paper, in cloth covers, contains about 80 pages, the poetry above the ordinary, with the excellent moral purpose of arresting the present excess of cruelty to animals, so greatly to be desired in this hard-hearted age.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD. A monthly magazine of general literature and ecclesiology. Catholic Publication House, 126 Nassau street. \$5 a year in advance. The January number opens with an able review of the Future of Protestantism and Catholicity, by M. L'Abbi Martin. The contest for empire, universal, between the two religions, seems likely to rage for some time to come with a vigor unknown during the last hundred years, and it is fortunate for humanity that science and civilization have so far triumphed as that the persecuting spirit which has often in the past characterized both, will never again be tolerated. If religion cannot stand on its own merits, without resorting to prisons, tortures, torments, or taxation even, to support and enforce it against the individual conscience, it must fall, and will fall, not as "prevailed against" by "the gates of hell," but by the power of truth, the omnipotence of the spirit of God. So we may welcome the fullest, freest discussion and argument, and in the *Catholic World*, the Roman Church has a champion worthy the bravest steel the Protestants can bring to the field of combat.

Of English magazines we have this week the *Victoria Magazine* and *Nature*, a weekly illustrated journal of science—its Motto,

"To the solid ground
Of Nature trusts the mind which builds for aye—"
WORDSWORTH.

And an every way attractive journal, that seems determined to act fully and truly up to that text. London: Macmillan and Co. New York: 63 Bleecker street Monthly. \$5 a year; single copies, 15 cents.

Of the *Victoria Magazine*, published in London by Miss Emily Faithful, too much in commendation cannot be said. Published and conducted by women, and devoted to their interests, it is second to few journals in mechanical execution, or editorial ability. Several articles are marked in the last numbers for transfer to *THE REVOLUTION* so soon as space will allow.

PICTORIAL. Harper's *Bazar* and Harper's *Weekly* are too well known and too often commended, to need a word at our hand. The former is the fashion magazine of the country: 1st, because it is not behind any other in its fashion department, and 2d, contains besides, a choice assortment of reading matter, "new useful and entertaining," and best of all, progressive. Price of each \$4 a year; 10 cents single.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED. \$4 a year; 10 cents single. The Christmas number contains a capital picture, and a brief sketch of the life of Sojourner Truth, the well known octogenarian slave. Also, among other articles, one headed Female Medical Students.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY opens the year in a style worthy the competition it must meet on every hand in the magazine department of literature. In mechanical execution it is second to none. Its table of contents for January leaves little to be desired. An interesting and extended sketch of Pere Hyacinthe and his Church, with an excellent frontispiece likeness, and the commencement of a new novel, by Mary Clemmer Ames, entitled, *A Woman's Right*, are prominent articles. Whoever reads the January issue, will be sure to read for the year. New York: G. F. Putnam and Son, 637 Broadway. \$4 a year.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY AND HOME MAGAZINE. Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton and Lenahan. \$3.50 a year. A well-produced magazine, liberal as far as learning to Methodism will permit, "will not contend very earnestly against Woman Suffrage," but most unfortunately, thinks John Stuart Mill's Subjection of Women, "the weakest thing we have ever read from his pen!" A brave opinion to hold against almost the universal world, if the holder is well read in the works of Mr. Mill.

"A BLAZE OF BEAUTY." *THE PICTORIAL PHENOLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JANUARY, 1870*, appears in bright array. A new form, new types, numerous rich illustrations, with sound and sensible reading matter, renders this the best ever issued. This favorite journal has now reached its 50th vol., and appears in a handsome maga-

zine form, and will prove even more popular than ever before. Terms, \$3 a year; 30 cents a number. Address S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL of Literature, Science and Art Weekly and monthly. \$4 a year; 10 cents weekly number. No magazine of its class ever deserved, or achieved in a single year so eminent a success. The next volume promises still greater attractions, and those, too, as in the past, of solid merit; for fulfillment of which the name of D. Appleton & Co. will be ample guarantee.

DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MIRROR OF FASHIONS. If any would know just how Madame and Mona Demorest look, a handsome likeness of them in their January magazine will show. The whole number is promise of valuable and interesting work to be done in the succeeding months of 1870. New York: 838 Broadway.

THE ENGINEERING AND MINING JOURNAL. An illustrated weekly periodical, and a big one too. The Mining Interest must be flourishing to warrant it; and only \$4 a year; single copies, 10 cents. Western & Co., publishers, 37 Park Row, N. Y.

ONE OF THE CUNNING MEN OF SAN FRANCISCO; or, Woman's Wrongs; or Sketches from the Diary of a Neglected Wife. San Francisco Woman's Co-operative Protective Union, 424 Montgomery street.

THE OLD FAMILY ALMANAC FOR 1870. Philadelphia: A. Winch, 505 Chestnut street. Price 20 cents. Contains about 70 pages of miscellaneous matter, including the Calendar.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT.—Weekly Sermons. By Henry Ward Beecher. New York: Ford & Co. \$3 a year; 10 cents single copy.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, and Once a Month. Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur & Sons. \$2 a year each.

MRS. STANTON'S APPOINTMENTS.

Coldwater,	Mich.,	Jan. 5th.
Adrian,	"	" 6th.
Jackson,	"	" 7th.
Marshall,	"	" 8th.
Grand Rapids,	"	" 11th.
East Saginaw,	"	" 13th.
Washington,	D. C.	" 18th, 19th.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER for Dec. 25 contains a splendid full-page Engraving of the PRIZE FOWLS at the recent State Poultry Show—the best Poultry Picture ever given in an American newspaper. Also, a magnificent CHRISTMAS PICTURE, and other fine Illustrations. For sale by all newsdealers; price 8 cents. See advertisement of *RURAL* in this paper.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—On the 7th day of August, 1857, I purchased a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine, which has been used from that day to this, almost incessantly. I do not recollect any day, except Sundays, in which some work has not been done upon it. By far the greater part of the time it has been run from seven o'clock in the morning until ten, eleven, and often until twelve o'clock at night. It has never cost one cent for repairs, and is to-day in as complete working order as the day I bought it. I would not exchange it for a new machine of any other kind.

HARRIETT A. BELLOWES.

Seneca Falls, Nov. 22, 186

MRS. PETTYJOHN, ninety years old, has just emigrated alone from Colorado to Oregon. There could be nothing petty about such a woman except her name, unless it were the husband who gave it.

Financial Department.

THE NATIONAL BANKING LAW.

It has served the country a useful purpose. It has been an executive agent doing a great amount of service without cost or loss to the government, and furnished a good currency for the people. Everyone must admit that it is an immense improvement upon the old State Bank system. When founded, it absorbed a portion of the government debt at a time when its fortunes looked desperate and its credit was at a low ebb. It served to help the government in this hour of distress to probably five hundred millions of dollars easier than it could have been raised by any other method. The want of this money would have almost certainly prevented our government from being successful in crushing the rebellion. Hence, it is scarcely too much to say that our nation owes its existence to this law.

But it is seriously defective. It is a monopoly, and all monopolies are opposed to the theory of our government and spirit of our institutions. It was practically a war measure. When established, the north took its entire capital. Now the south has demanded its quota; and as our population has been increased 25 per cent., it is entirely inadequate to answer the purposes of our people. We are now in the condition of a boy rapidly growing, while his clothes have shrunk. The tight fit has become very uncomfortable, and our energies and usefulness are impaired.

The remedy is to amend the law, and make it free, so that its advantages will enure to all. As our population and business increase, more banking capital is required, the same as the boy needs larger clothes. It would be absurd to keep us forever restricted to our present status.

Not only has the south taken a slice of its capital, and not only have our population and business largely increased, but as Secretary Boutwell has shown, a very large share of the capital of our banks has become a foot-ball for Wall street speculation by the system of "call loans." The gradual transfer of its capital to this city and to the south, has left many sections of the country almost impoverished. The monopoly has in these and other ways been almost a scourge to our land. A free banking law is needed to correct this, and not only comply with the great laws of trade—demand and supply, but would work great benefits to the government and people as I shall hereafter show.

The banks organized under a free law should of course have their circulation secured by government bonds. This would give them the same confidence that our present banks enjoy, and make them safe beyond contingency.

The old State Banks were organized with a coin basis for capital, circulation and debts. They did a good business loaning money at 6 to 7 per cent. Their coin drew no interest. The question is, why could they not now hold government bonds without interest as well as coin, and as in days of yore, do a good business loaning money at rates that business men can make profitable to themselves. It is notorious that our present banks are making extraordinary profits—far beyond what their customers do, and this advantage which the money-lender now has over the borrower needs instant and thorough correction. The lenders have now a monopoly that operates most disastrously to the general welfare of the business enterprises of the

country, which should no longer be tolerated. All classes except the lenders are deeply interested in this matter.

A moment's thought will convince anyone that if our business men can be furnished with capital at low rates of interest, and if banks can do a safe and profitable business in supplying the demand, great enterprises would be at once undertaken, and an era of improvement and progress inaugurated far beyond anything ever realized, or scarcely dreamed of. The question arises if this can be safely and profitably done, why should it be delayed?

I think it can be done, and if Congress studies the true interests of our people, it will labor earnestly to foster the great results that lie in its power to accomplish. Some of them I will endeavor to consider in my next.

I see that Mr. Morrell has introduced a bill to make our banking law free, and I hope it may prove acceptable to all. G. B. S.

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